

JOURNAL

FROM

LONDON to ROME,

BY WAY OF

PARIS, LYONS, TURIN,
FLORENCE, &c.

AND FROM

Rome back to London,

BY WAY OF

LORETTO, VENICE, (giving a
particular Account of the Government of that Re-
public,) MILAN, STRASBURG, &c.

By D. JEFFEREYS,
Teacher of the MODERN LANGUAGES.

THE SECOND EDITION.



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*AS it would be altogether
inexcusable in a Man of
the least Parts, or Learning,
to pretend to travel in any
Shape whatever without keep-
ing a Journal of what he thinks
most worthy of Memory; so I
hope no Man of Taste will re-
fuse to patronize a Narrative
of his Observations, if calcu-
lated for the Good of his Coun-
try. This, therefore, begs the
Auspicious Protection of the
Public; wherein they'll read
nothing but an honest Travel-
ler's Notanda, intirely sub-
mitted to the judicious Critick.*



ERRATA.

- Page 7, Line last, after *Leagues*, add *two*.
p. 8, l. 9, after *Bishoprick*, add *of Bullogne*.
p. 11, l. 12, for *six Shillings*, read *five Shillings*.
p. 14, l. 4, for *Past*, read *Pest*.
p. 15, l. 5, for *40*, read *14*.
p. 16, l. 18, for *Mastinto*, read *Martin to*.
p. 21, l. 3, for *Reader* read *Resort*.
p. 33, l. 2, after *myself*, add *from*.
p. 43, l. 11, for *Amo* read *Arno*.
p. 48, l. 10, omit *said still*.
p. 59, l. 26, for *States*, read *Statues*.
p. 61, l. 10, after *absolutely*, add *necessary*.
p. 76, l. 4, after *XIIIth*, add *crown'd*.
p. 81, l. 24, after *large*, add *English*.
p. 97, l. 1, for *many* read *manly*.
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(2)

JOURNAL
FROM
LONDON, &c.



HE 16th of Feb. 1741. I left
smoaky London with——Esq;
who wou'd have made the Tour
of *Italy*, if he had not grown
weary of the Trip at *Paris*.
At Night we got only to *Rocheſter*, 30
Miles from the busy-trading City.

*Where with like Haſte, to ſev'ral Ways they
run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.*

In the Coach we were very merry,
and crowded, which is often the Caſe, in
Stage Voitures, and in our Way, we ſaw
ſeveral fine Seats, and had a diſtant View
B of

of some of his Majesty's Ships. What appear'd most remarkable in this City, was the prodigious high Bridge over the *Medway*; an old Castle, or Bishop's Palace; two Towns in one, namely, *Rockester* and *Chatham*, whose plaguy Length, gave us no small uneasiness. We likewise observ'd a great deal of Impudence, and extraordinary Vanity, in our Landlord, whose Name and Sign I beg leave to conceal, seeing I wish well to all Men, even Publicans and Sinners.

The 17th, we set out for *Canterbury*, 55 Miles from our monstrous Bridge, where we got quit of, a gigantick Fellow, who had sweated us all the Way from *London*. In the Morning, before we left this ancient Seat of the *Kentish* Kings, we paid a Visit to the Metropolitan Church of all *England*, a noble old Pile, where are preserv'd many curious *gotbick* Monuments of Kings, Queens, Princes, Generals, Heroes, and holy learn'd Men. Behind the Altar we spy'd some Traces of the fine mosaick Work, which adorn'd the Shrine of holy *Thomas Becket*, whose flagrant Obstinacy, in defending the pretended Rights of his *Roman* Mother, poor Man! cost him his sanctified Life. Under the Choir, we saw a *Waloon* Kirk, capacious
of

of 5 or 6000 Persons, where these Fugitives have their religious Worship, according to the Grant of their Settlement ; in their own Language.

About nine in the Morning of the 18th, we brush'd off for *Dover*, accompanied with two *Irish* Gentlemen, one of them whose Name was—— told us he had Chambers in the Inner Temple ; he spoke excellent *French*, having, as he said, had his juvenile Instructions at *Paris* ; his Behaviour was of the refin'd Kind, for he seem'd to know both Men and Manners : We arriv'd betwixt three and four at the King's Head, where we staid till the 20th, and then hoisted Sail for the Coast of *France*.

This Cinque Port, or little *Barony*, is so built that it can hardly be aggrandiz'd, however it has a pretty safe Harbour for Ships of ordinary Burden, a Castle for its Defence, supposed to have been built by *Julius Cæsar*. It appears to Strangers impregnable, but this Notion soon vanishes, when we see its desert Inside. It is garrison'd with Sheep and Oxen, and has for its Protection a few rusty Guns, and two or three superannuated Gunners, in short, I know nothing it contains, worth a curious Man's Inspection or Notice, except the Brass Canon, whose length may

be near 24 geometrical Feet. From a Teutonic Inscription on this Pocket Piece of our good Queen *Bess*, some think, it was brought into *England* by *Maximilian*, the *Emperor*, who serv'd in the *English* Army under *Henry* the VIII. yet others, not improbably, conjecture, it was the Present of the States of *Holland*, who were poor and low in *Elizabeth's* Days, and would have the *German* Dialect run thus in *English*,

*Keep me clean, and load me Well.
And I'll carry a Ball to Calais Hill.*

One great Argument for the *Roman* Antiquity of this Fort is its exceeding deep Well, which I would have cleaned, were I as great a Man as the Duke of *D——* not doubting but I should find a Number of Curiosities, sufficient to defray the Expence.

In our Passage which cost each Man half a Guinea, tho' the common Fare is but five Shillings, we had a brisk Gale, which puffed us to *Calais* in three Hours. *Dover Castle* looked vastly strong from the Main, a nice Bugbear for the *French*. The Passengers were all Sea-sick except——*Esqr*; and myself, nevertheless, we got all thro' the boisterous Waves, in pretty good Health

Health to *Calais*, which is a small, regular, well-built Town, fortified according to all the Advantages of its Site ; being something low, on barren sandy Ground, and of very little maritime Trade. If we have a War with *France*, as well as with *Spain*, which both Nations seem desirous of, this Scene of so many remarkable Occurrences mentioned in our *English* and *French* Histories will be near its Ruin, its whole Dependance being on its great Thorowfare and our Packet-Boats.

No sooner were we landed but the Soldiers, whose Number in this frontier City is generally 2000, took Possession of our Bodies, and the Custom-house Officers seis'd our Baggage ; the first Place the Military led us to, was a little dirty Lodge destin'd for the Calculation of Passengers Names, where, with dissembling Complaisance, they oblig'd us to scribble over our Notamina as well as we could, our Hands being numb'd with Cold. Just entring the Gates, the general Farmer's Beagles arrested us to feel if we had nothing contrary to the Orders of their mighty Monarch. The Templer and his Concomitant being uneasy at this Scrutiny, thought to palm the Scrubs with *English* Money, but they, tho' Slaves, scorn'd Bribery, and fairly told us they
were

were Men of Honour, and would be true to their Trust, This Saying made me sigh for Shame, and secretly with some Folks would strenuously imitate them, but

*Nec minor in Campo, Furor est, emptique
Quirites,
Ad Prædam Strepitumque Lucri, Suffra-
gia vendunt.*

After being rifled to no purpose, they dismissed us, with *Messieurs votre Serviteur*, your Servant Gentlemen. Immediately our File of Musqueteers hurried us to the Governor's, whence, after displaying our wet Equipage to his Lacquies, we were envoy'd to the Commandant or Provost of the Marechaussee, who soon dispatch'd us and discharged our lowly Infantry. Such Formality are we necessitated to upon entring *France*, by the Way of *Calais*, or any other Frontier Town. If the like Ceremonies were to be used with all that come from the *French* Dominions, I doubt not but we might send back a great many *Monseurs* to their Sabots or Wooden Shoes, and prevent the Debarkation of Spies and Missionaries swarming in *London* and all thro' the Kingdom. After this grand Inquest, so odd to a Free Briton, Mr. ——— prevailed with us to

go and lodge at the Sign of the Royal Table, where he expected to meet some *Irish* Officers, who are to be found in most Sea Ports, ready to trepan his Britanic Majesty's Subjects wherever they can light on them, to recruit the six *Irish* Regiments that abdicated with *James* the 11d. At Custom-house Hours I went to release our Luggage and plumb the Trunks and Boxes with leaden Seals, giving for each 5 Sols, or two Pence half Penny *English*, and receiv'd a Paper called *Italice Passavana*, wherein they guessed at what was contain'd in our strong Coffers by shewing of this Permit at *Bureaus* of the Customs on the Road we avoid reiterating the troublesome Search for Counterband Goods.

At the Silver Lyon or Post-house, I hir'd a Post-chaise for two Persons for the Use of which to *Paris*, being one of the best, I gave 60 Livres or 2 Guineas and an half, and here I could not help observing, that whoever is asham'd to haggle and bargain for every trifling Thing, with this People, is sure to be cheated in *France*, and none more than the *English*, for the very Children know that, *Messieurs les Anglois sont riches*, the *English* are rich.

They generally count from this Place to *Paris* 31 Stages and a half, or 63 Leagues to a Post, every one of which
1A cost

cost five Livres, or Francs, namely, 4 Livres, ten Sous, for 3 poor starv'd Horses, ready to eat their own Dung, and 10 Sous to the Postillion, which is no Obligation, but the Rascals will be sawcy unless they have according to Custom.

The 21st, we scour'd off for that renown'd City *Paris*, din'd at the City and Bishopric famous for our *British* Refugees: It is high and low, like the Situation of *Lincoln*, and has no Fortifications. Here is a *Scotch* Capuchin called *Pere Archange*, tho' his worldly Name was *Graham*, who after having compleated his Year of Probation, among the *English Franciscans* at *Doway*, in *French Flanders* which is the only Convent of Men of that Order in the World, very justly left them when they prepar'd for his Day of Profession, having used him very ill, and not according to that fraternal Charity so much recommended by their Pious *Founder*. So they dealt with one of his Country-men, in the Year 1733. From *Doway* he went to *Boulogne*, and after a regular Noviceship, publicly professed this strict Rule of Life to the Shame and Confusion of his former Convent. He has been often Guardian, and a long time Confessor to the present Bishop, who may have from his See about 500 Pounds a Year.

At

At Night we drove to the Gates of *Montrevil*, seven Posts and an half; here we found the Inconvenience incident to those that travel in Foreign Parts, that unless they enter most Cities before the Sun sets, they must take what Cheer they can get without the Gates, which God knows, is living like Coblers, and paying like Kings.

On the 22d we whipt thro' *Abbeville*, situate near the Mouth of the River *Somme*, and famous for its Woollen-manufactory carried on by a celebrated *Dutchman*, who lives like a Prince, in a fine *Hotel* built *a la moderne*. The Cloth of this Place is much in vogue, and some are even so rash as to undervalue *English* Cloth for the Sake of this *Dutchman's*. I saw not four Years since on a Sign-post near the City of *Gloucester*, the following remarkable Words, whose Energy ought to sink deep in the Breast of every honest *Briton* who wishes to see his own Country flourish more than our Rival *France*.

Vellus aureum, Populi Panis
Battavos cavete, & Gallos.

Which, that they may be understood by all *English* Readers, I'll translate as follows:

C

The

*The Golden Fleece, the Peoples Bread :
The French and Dutch shou'd be your
Dread.*

Words I would have put in Letters of Gold round the Walls of a certain House, whose greatest Care is the Interest and Ease of the Subject.

This Night we lay without the Gates of *Amiens* ten Posts, the Capital of *Picardy*, a Country not unlike *Cambridgeshire*; but the poor Peasants are so fleeced with Duties, that they have hardly Straw to lie on : So great is the Difference between the Yeomen of *Kent* and the Yeomen of *Picardy*, that I would rather be a *Kentish* Clown than a *Picardian* Lord. Every thing in this City has the Face of Antiquity and Decay, though it be pleasantly water'd by the *Somme*, and an Archbishoprick, whose large Cathedral is full of curious Monuments, and the Episcopal Salary a thousand Pounds in the King's Books.

The 23d, we thought to make our Entry thro' some Triumphant Arch in *Paris*, but we were sadly disappointed by our Post-master giving us bad Horses; we travelled all Night, which none but *English* Men would have done, and about Five in the Morning of the 24th we pierced

pierced the lofty Arch of *St. Denis's Gate*, swept thro' some unknown Streets, passed *Pontneuf*, or the New-bridge, and came rambling, both hungry and cold, to the *Hotel de quatre Nations*, of the four Nations, *Mazarine-street*, in the Suburbs of *Saint Germain de Pres*, the general Resort and Rendezvous of the *British* and *Irish*, where we lodged one Week at an extraordinary Expence. It may easily be guess'd what we paid for every thing when they gave the Postillion six Livres, or six Shillings *English*, for bringing us to their House. To avoid such very extravagant Inns, it is not amiss to advise to lodge at such an House, as the *Hotel Dautbourg* in the *Rue des Boucheries*, or *Butcher's-streets*, to which we remov'd and had better Living and Lodging, for a great deal less Money.

When *Lent* was over I set out for *Rome*, leaving ———, Esq; who was soon to return to *England*. But before I cou'd safely undertake this long and expensive Journey I was fain to procure good and sufficient Passports, which I did from the Governors of *Paris*, and the Pope's Nuncio. After my Landlord had sign'd a printed Paper containing in Substance as follows :

*Je certifie connoitre le Sieur ——— de la
GrandeBretagne, pour etre bonete Homme
& de bonnes Vie & Mœurs, en foi de quoi.*

“ I testify, that the Sieur ——— of Great
“ Britain, is an honest Man, and of good
“ Life and Morals, *In quorum fidem, &c.*”

This could do me no Service till his
Parish Priest put his Hand to the subse-
quent Words :

*Je certifie la Signature cidesous veritable,
& d'un Homme du quel Je connois la
Probite, &c.*

“ I declare the above Subscription true,
“ and of a Man whose Honesty I
“ know, &c.”

The Passes contain'd a Description of
my Person, Country, and Age, with a
Declaration of the Place I was going to,
desiring all Persons to assist me in Case
of Necessity, and to let me pass without
any Hindrance or Molestation. So, hav-
ing taken Leave of my Landlord and Ac-
quaintance, I, on *Lady-Day*, the first of
our Lawyers Year, in *Nomine Numimis
Supremi*, in the Name of the eternal Ju-
piter, left this most noble, most pleasant,
and

and most beautiful City, which is delightfully water'd by the richest River in *France*, the *Seine*. On whose Sides are built twenty spacious *Quays*, joined by fifteen fair Stone-bridges : *Pontneuf*, upon which is a fine Equestrian Statue of *Henry* the IVth, and the Artificial Water-works, called the *Samaritane*, is the longest, largest, and finest.

If *Inigo Jones's* Scheme for rebuilding the City of *London* had not been neglected, I doubt not but the great River *Thames* would have as fine Beaks as the *Seine*, which only brings small Boats to this Capital of *France*.

Paris contains 50,000 high, well-built Houses; 6 fine Royal Palaces, tho' the King disdains to live in any of them; 200 Churches; *Notre-Dame*, built by the *English*, as was *St. Denis*, a Royal Stage from *Paris*, where the Kings and Queens, &c. are buried. *St. Sulpice*, *St. Eustacius*, both newly built; the *Invalides*, *Val-de-Grace*, near the *English Benedictins*, in whose little Church lies *James* the II^d, and the Mareschal Duke of *Berwick*; with the beautiful Church of the *Sorbon*, founded by the great Politician Cardinal *Richelieu*; are the finest and most worthy a Traveller's Inspection : 150 Convents of Men and Women, among whom I reckon
three

three *English* Nunneries for young Roman Catholic Ladies, the *Benedictin* Convent, mention'd above, the *English* Seminary in the *Rue de Pasle*, the *Scotch* College, who seldom trouble us with their Missionaries; and the *Irish* one commonly called *Le College des Lombards*, from whence there come more Priests to *Great Britain* and *Ireland* than from the *English* Seminary, Convent, and *Scotch* College together. Fifty public Fountains: A new one has been lately built to commemorate the Peace concluded between the *Turks* and *Germany*, and the *Turks* and *Russians*, by the sole Mediation of *France*, in the Year 1739. What Glory added to the Riches and Opulence of this flourishing Kingdom!

Twenty-five well-founded Hospitals: Doubtless *Hotel-Dieu* is the most famous in the World, extending its Charity immediately to poor sick Creatures, without much Enquiry whether they be *Jews* or *Gentiles*. They compute a Guinea a Day for each Bed in this great Alms-House; and I must confess, few Nations are more careful of their poor Sick than the *French*; for they ask no Caution-Money to bury them in case they die: A Custom which tarnishes the Glory of *St. Thomas's* Hospital in *Southwark*.

Twelve

Twelve Prisons: The *Bastile*, a small Gothic Fort in the Suburbs of *St. Anthony*, and built to hinder the Incursions of the *English* in 1371, is the State-prison.

Forty Public Squares. *La Place Royale*, in whose Centre rides *Lewis* the XIIIth. *La Place Vendome*, where their *Augustus*, *Lewis* the XIVth struts: And *La Place Victoire*, where stands their *Immortal Man*, in his kingly Robes; are by far the grandest, being exactly uniform in their Building and Architecture.

Eight Public Gardens: The *Thuilleries*, *Luxembourg*, and the *Palas Royal*, where is exhibited the celebrated *French Opera*, are the most pleasant, and the most frequented by the prime Nobility.

Eight Hundred Horse and Foot Archers, or Town Guards, for the Safety of the City, both by Night and Day: They make no Noise in their Walks, like our *London* Watch-men. The Town Guards of *Edinburgh* are upon the same Footing, and perform the same Duty.

Five Thousand eight Hundred *Lanterns*, beautifully hung in the Middle of the Streets, where they burn nothing but fine Tallow-candles, which surprized me, to see so many consumed in a Night for the Benefit of the Public; and it is worth observing, that the glimmering Light of these

these Candles is a great deal more proportionable than the profuse Consumption of Oyl in our *London* Lamps, some Streets having too much Light, and some too little.

Ten Thousand Coaches; which is considerably more than in *London*: But then, they have no Chairs, and the Expence of keeping these Leathern Conveniencies is much easier here than in our Metropolis; for their Servants will live on *Soupe Meigre*, and their Horses on hard Straw, instead of Roast-beef and Mutton, and good Corn and Hay, the Feed of *English* Horses, so much admired in foreign Countries for their great Spirit and Swiftness.

Nine Hundred and Fifty Streets of different Lengths; the longest runs from the Suburbs of *St. Mastinto*, the famous Observatory in the Suburbs of *St. Jaques*, and measures, without a Turn, 4000 geometrical Paces, which is longer than any strait one in *London*. Part of this Street is very narrow, and dark, especially from the little *Chatelet*, a Prison not unlike *Ludgate*, to the Jesuits-College, *de Louis le Grand*. They are kept very neat and clean, considering the Magnitude and Hurry of the Place, and have their Names fixed on their Corners, whereby a Stranger that can read but a little *French* will soon find his Way thro' this great and populous City, which
is

is thought to comprehend a Million of Inhabitants govern'd, poor and rich, (excepting the Clergy, who are under the Jurisdiction of the Archbishop, whose yearly Revenue is about 6000 Pounds) by the Duke *de Gesvres*, a Lieutenant *de Police*, *Prevot* of those they meanly call Merchants, and twenty Commissaries, who are something like the Aldermen of *London* in their several Wards, but more absolute and imperious. The famous University founded by *Charlemagne*, in 790, confers Degrees in the Faculties of Arts; Divinity, Law, and Physick: Batchelor of Arts with us, is Doctor of Arts with them; which Title the Graduate keeps, with his other learned Names, as *Artium Doctor*, & *Theologiæ*, or *Philosophiæ*, *Professor*. This King has made them a free Gift of six thousand Pounds a Year for Gratuit Education: So that if an *Irish* Priest, after his Ordination in *Ireland*, can beg his Way to this Seat of the Muses and live on his Mass-money, twelve or fourteen *Sous* a Day, or seven Pence *English*, he may have Learning and Degrees for nothing.

Some of the Colleges, I confess, appear grand and magnificent on the Outside, yet their Gates being kept constantly shut, Strangers can form no Idea of their inward

Accommodation ; however, by what I have seen of them, they are greatly inferior to our College Apartments. Here is no *Archigymnasium*, as in the Universities of *Italy* ; but in most of the Colleges the Students, after the lower Classes, are taught their *Quinquennium*, or two Years in their Philosophy, and three in Cabalistical and Casuistical Divinity, to whose Defences any *Doctor Artium* may come as an Opponent ; so that the Opponents here are generally unknown both to the Moderator and Pupil, which I wish was strictly observed in the Universities of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*. The Scholars pay no Tutorage, but a yearly Pension, vastly different from the Expences the poorest Scholar in our Academies is put to by the Statutes in the Space of four Years, that he bears the Name of a Fresh-man, Sophomore, Junior-Soph, Soph, and Questionite.

They teach none in Tutor's Chambers, as in our Seats of the Muses. In short, the Government of their Colleges is far preferable to ours, and their Education much cheaper ; but whether they produce better Scholars than our Academies do, is a Question for the Decision of the Learned.

There

There are four licensed Theatres, to wit, the *French Opera*, the *Comic Opera*, the *French Comedy*, and the *Italian* one. Their Scenes are much finer than ours, but their theatrical Pieces are not comparable to our *English Performances*; I saw that excellent Tragedy of *Milton*, called *Sampson Agonistes*, acted in *French*; but it was intermixt with so much Buffoonery that it could hardly be distinguish'd from a Farce: The *French Levity* is inconsistent with our flegmatic Tempers, so that what is diverting in *Paris* would be hiss'd off the Stage in *London*; *Trabit sua quemque Voluptas*. The Play-houses are built different from ours, and their Pit is the perfect *Orchestra* of the Ancients; there being no Seats, the Men stand (for they admit no Women into it) ogling the painted Beaux and Belles in the Boxes, which run quite round, except on the Stage End. They have Seats on each Side of the Stage, rail'd in, for some of the prime Noblemen; for I don't remember to have seen any Ladies in them. The Music joins the Stage, which is about four Feet higher than the Pit, the *Orchestra* is contiguous to the Music, and the *Amphitheatre*, even with the Stage, touches the

Orchestra, which is just in the middle of the Theatre.

The five Academies, establish'd for the Improvement of Arts and Sciences, and to purge their Language of obsolete Words and rectify their Orthography, are so well known in *England*, since the Foundation of the Royal Society, that it wou'd be trifling Time away to enumerate the many Advantages the World has receiv'd from them, or to recount the learned Men that have flourish'd in them since they received the Royal Sanction, as incorporated Bodies, to make what Laws and Statutes they pleased for their own Use.

For the Benefit of the Studious, here are five voluminous public Libraries, and the *King's* in *Richelieu-street* is exquisitely furnished with Books and Manuscripts in all Languages.

The *Grande Chambre*, or Parliament, erected by *Philip IV.* called *the Fair*, in 1302, is a very August Assembly; but has lost much of its Pristine Jurisdiction, and now is no more than the great Register of their King's absolute Power in all Things, and exorbitant Prerogative above them and the general Assembly of the three States of the Kingdom. Their Proceedings, as a Court of Judicature, are much

much the same with those observed in the Grand Assizes or Sessions of *Edinburgh*.

In *Paris* there is no *Reader* for Lawyers, or *Gens de longue Robe*, like the *Temple*, *Lincoln's-Inn*, *Gray's-Inn*, or other courtly Receptacles, where they enter at all Hours of the Night, as well as by Day, and bring in who they please into their Chambers; no, they are all lodged in regular Colleges, or at least are subject to the strict Rules of the University.

I should never have done were I to sum up all the Beauties and luxuriant Pleasures of this terrestrial Paradise, where our Country-men are so free of their Pockets and liberal to this coaxing People, that I may venture to say their profuse Living is one chief Reason why so many fly to make their Fortunes in *Great Britain*, thinking, I suppose, to find, according to what they see from us in *France*, even Gold and Silver in our Streets; and well they may, seeing we never go to them without our Pockets well lined and ready to spend our Fortunes for their dissembling Complaisance, and cringing Politeness.

The whole City is barrier'd, but not fortified, so that none can enter with the least Baggage without being strictly searched, nor can any lodge in it safely, unless
they

they put down their Name, Profession, Country, and sometimes their Religion in the Commissary's Books kept in every Inn and Lodging-House.

The 25th of *March*, O. S. pass'd the *Biset*, or Poor's Work-house, about one League from *Paris*, where are kept ten Thousand Poor, starving and sweating with hard Labour. In a Word, if it was not for this Bridewel, the City of *Paris* would so swarm with miserable Wretches, that the Inhabitants would be teaz'd to Death with their moanful Cries; whereas, to prevent the Public's being put to any Uneasiness, they are shut up for Life (a most shocking Thing!) within the Compass of *Moorfields*.

At Night I came to *Fontainbleau*, a noble *Bourg* in the same Shire with *Paris*, eight Posts; the first we pay double, because it has the Name of Post-royal as well as that from *St. Denis* to *Paris*, or the second from *Paris* to the Court of *Ver-sailles*. Here I saw a fine Palace, magnificently begun by *Lewis VII.* in 1139, and more magnificently finish'd by his present Majesty *Lewis XV.* It is a most beautiful Structure both Outside and Inside, rich in all kind of Painting by some of the best Hands, and well set out with most charming artificial Water-works, but
surrounded

surrounded with craggy Hills and wild Forests.

The 26th, I lay at a Village, called *Foutenay*, five Posts and an half.

The 27th, passed through the City of *Montarges*, the Capital of the *Gastinois*, on the little River *Loing*, near which is a noble Paper Manufactory, built *a la moderne*. The Duke of *Orleans* is Lord Paramount here, and has a pretty old Castle standing on a rising Ground, from whence we have a beautiful Prospect of the adjacent Country. And slept at the Town of *Briare*, eight Posts, noted for its Canal which carries Barges over a Hill.

The 28th, came to a little Place call'd *Cone*, five Posts.

The 29th, got to the City and Bishoprick of *Nevers*, seven Posts, prettily built on the River *Loire*, over which are two fine Stone-bridges, whereof one has twenty Arches. The Cathedral looks well enough in the Outside, but empty of every Curiosity either ancient or modern within: Nevertheless, the Bishop has more than 600 *l.* a Year. The best Thing I saw here was a noble magnificent old Palace, belonging to the Duke *de Nevers* their Governor.

The 30th, arrived, before Sun-set, at the City of *Moulins*, the chief Town of the

the *Bourbonois*, on the River *Alier*, where I met with an *Irish Capuchin*, who expected to be soon sent to some Parish in *Ireland*; he spoke very bad *English*. Here I saw the famous Monument, which is far preferable to any in *Westminster-Abbey*, erected to perpetuate the Memory of the great *Monmorancy*, who fell a Sacrifice to the implacable Hatred of Cardinal *Rich-lieu*, whose Jealousy sent the Duke of *Orleans* to end his Days in *Rome*, the Duke de *Bosson Pierre* to the *Bastile*, and be-headed this generous Patriot. The Town is much frequented in the Summer-season, by Reason of some Mineral Springs. The *Capuchin's Church* is a Place of great Devotion, having a miraculous Image of the *Virgin*; whose Chapel is hung round with all the Parts of the Human Body in Wax-work, which perfectly confirm'd the Truth of what Doctor *Middleton* says in his Letter from *Rome*, (p. 23) about votive Gifts seen in all pretended miraculous Chapels. A little out of the Town is one of the most butchering Gibbets I ever saw in the Course of my Life: It has nine Brick-Pillars and five Racking-wheels. I could not help drawing near to this slaughtering Scene of Human Bodies; but my Curiosity had like to have been fatal, the Stench of the Carcasses took hold of my *Nasal Sen-*

Senforium, and had nigh thrown me into a Swoon. *Tyburn* is but a Boy to this *French Gallows*: They leave the Bodies hanging in a Rope till they drop, and then lay them on the Wheels for the Ravens.

The 3^{ist}, lay at *Eschisoles*, three Posts.

The 1st of *April*, lay at *Droiturier*, four Posts.

The 2^d, got to *Rouanne*, a little Town upon the *Loire*, five Posts. From this Place to *Lyons* we meet with nothing but Carriages, loaden with Wine and drawn by little Oxen: The *Parisians* leave no good Wine in this Country.

The 3^d, lay at *Tarare*, five long Posts and a half, over Hills and Mountains, where the King of *France* has cut Roads, which shews what an absolute Prince can do; and I must confess, that all the new High-ways, and all that are intended and already plann'd out, will diminish much the Grandeur of the *Roman* ones, *Cedite Romani, Cedite Graii*.

The 4th, arrived at *Lyons*, five Posts and a half: The first Thing that demands the Traveller's Attention, at entering this *Lugdunium* of the Antients is *St. John's* Fort, built upon Part of that Rock the *Germans* cut in order to join the River *Soan* with the *Roan*, which comes from the

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E

Lake

Lake of *Geneva*, and is navigable to *Marseilles*: There is a Magazine kept always full of Corn; a magnificent Town-house, built by that grand Man *Lewis XIV.* which sends several Millions of *Liures* a Year to the Revenue; a spacious Square, larger than *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, in whose Center rides their *immortal Man*; his Equestrian Groupe, I confess, is a Master-piece of Art and Ingenuity. Some Remains of a *Roman Arch*, built about 1800 Years since, upon which was a Conduit, to bring Water from some distant Fountain to this noble City. Four Bridges over the two foremention'd great Rivers, three over the *Soan*, and one on the *Roan*. An old Archiepiscopal Cathedral, dedicated to *St. John*, whose See is now possess'd by the Cardinal *Tenein*, promoted to the Purple by the Chevalier *de St. George*: His Revenue is about 2000 Pounds in the King's Books. The greatest Curiosity in this Church is the antient Piece of Clock-Work, the Present of the Nobility of *Lyons*.

The Houses are built very handsomely, but are much disfigured by their Paper-Lights; Glafs being here both dear and scarce. It is hardly possible to imagine what Number of Hands their Manufactories of Silk, and Gold and Silver Laces employ

employ in Time of Peace; our War with *Spain*, I find, does them a great deal of Damage. On a Hill, where stands a Convent called *Mount Calvary*, I saw a great many Bones of Catholics, who were barbarously butcher'd, as they said, by the religious Madness of the *French Hugonots*. What won't the Fumes of Superstition perpetrate, in the Enthusiastical Brains of biggoted Zealots?

The 6th, lay at *Bourgoin*, five Posts and a half.

The 7th, lay at *Pontbeauvoisin*, four Posts, upon the little River *Guye*, which divides the Town, one half of which belongs to the King of *France*, and the other to the King of *Sardinia*, as Duke of *Savoy*. The Name of the Place bespeaks good Neighbourhood. I slept on the *Savoy* Side, and in the Morning chang'd my *French* Money; for a *French* Piece of Six Livres I had five Livres, five Sous of *Savoy* and *Piedmont*.

Upon leaving *France* I cou'd not help looking into the Map of *Europe*, which I brought with me from *Paris*, and there I was surprized at the vast Extent of this Monarchy, even without the late considerable Acquisition of the Principality of *Lorain* and the Dutchy of *Bar*. Yet I saw nothing that could induce me to lead my Life in it; for though the Air of

this Country be temperate, pleasant, and healthful, being neither excessive hot, nor excessive cold ; and its Soil extraordinary fruitful in Corn, Wine, Fruits, &c. the most of its spacious Fields intermixt with Vines and Corn ; its large Forests stock'd with several Sorts of wild Beasts ; having a great many good Commodities, as Salt, Fish, [no Flesh!] Wine, [no Beer!] Linen, [no Wooll!] Silk, [no broad Cloth!] Almonds, Coral, Paper, Alamodes, Lute-strings, &c. and many antient Roman, Natural, and Artificial Rarities, as Triumphal Arches, as at *Rheims*, &c. the Ruins of a Circus, at *Orange* ; Amphitheatres, as at *Nismes* ; with the Remains of a curious Bridge, having three Rows of Arches, one upon another ; Temples, as *Templum Jani*, at *Autun* ; Obelisks, as that at *Arles*, which is a fine Granate-stone, fifty Feet high, and seven in Diameter at the Basis ; many natural medicinal Springs, particularly in *Aquitania*, which Province methinks takes its Name from *Aqua*, Water ; and the artificial Canal of *Languedoc* ; the Machine of *Marli*, with the splendid Palace of *Versailles*, &c. I can't get over 128 Bishops, about 10000 Clergy, 150000 Soldiers, or Standing-Army ; 31 Intendents of Generalities, who tyrannize over the People, when the
King

King levies Money; the Severity of their Farmers-general, who will hang a Man by Ordinance of the King if he should, ignorantly, bring into *France* a Pound or two of Salt, or Tobacco: The Law by which all the Men in the Kingdom except the Nobility, and Priests, and Monks, are obliged to be Soldiers six Years. The Pride of their Gentry, who would rather starve, with *Je suis Gentil-homme* in their Mouths than meddle with Trade or Agriculture; their ever cringing at Court, and their Contempt of a Country-Life; the Art of Dissimulation, so notorious in all the *French*; the Danger of speaking of religious or political Affairs, tho' *Polnitz* seems to insinuate the contrary, by saying they talk as free at *Paris* of the Cardinal as we did at *London* of Sir Robert Walpole; with a great many other Restraints of our Liberty, which depends upon the Monarch's *Cachet*, *Signet*, or Privy Seal, are sufficient to turn a *Briton's* Heart, and make him breathe with Pleasure,

*O fortunati, nimium sua si boni nōrint
Angligenæ* —————

And cry, Good God deliver us from all the Inconveniences so fine a People, as the *French* are generally allowed to be, labour under.

The

The 8th, pass'd the Mountains *Aiguilete*, known by the Name of *Hannibal's Pass*, and came to *Chambery*, the Metropolis of *Savoy*; it stands, without any Fortifications, in a pleasant large Valley, surrounded with huge high Mountains, where I had a most beautiful Contrast of Snow, Vine-yards, Corn-fields, and green Meadows water'd by the River *Laise*.

The 9th, came to *Mount-Meillan*, formerly a strong Garrison, but now quite demolish'd.

The 10th, drank Tea with some *English* Miners, who have lately got a Patent from the King of *Sardinia*, to work for forty Years in all the Alps of *Savoy*, he taking the Silver, Lead, and Brass, at a stated Price: The Works will soon be brought to Perfection by the Care and Skill of Mr. *Cl——don*; which, when finish'd, will bring in 5 or 6000 Pounds clear yearly. At Night I lay at *St. John Mauriene*, four Posts, a City and Bishoprick, near which I saw a Spot of Ground, where not eighteen Months since was a little flourishing Parish, but swept off in one Night by a Storm, that beat the Rocks and Floods down upon them; twelve of their Bodies were found when the Waters were abated, some of the huge Rocks lie still on the Way-side, and the Place from whence they broke by the
the

the Violence of the Tempest is yet visible;
in short, what was a pleasant little Valley
is now turn'd into *Terra Petrosa* ;

*All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee,
All Chance Direction, which thou canst
not see,
All Discord Harmony, not understood,
All partial Evil universal Good.* POPE.

The 11th, dined at *Modana*, where I
was confirm'd of the Truth of what Dr.
Middleton says (page 47) about the resu-
scitating Image of our Lady, yet the pre-
sent Bishop of *St. John Mauriene* seems to
be ashamed of the pretended Miracle, for
he has put a Stop to her charitable Ope-
ration.

At Night lay at *Lanebourg*, just at the
Foot of the Mount *Cenis*, where I was
wonderfully diverted by the Post-master,
being one of the politest Fellows I had
met with in this Savage Country, whose
poor Inhabitants have, most of them,
great Wens hanging from their Wind-
pipes, which they say, are produced and
impregnated by the gross Air of the Val-
leys, and the thick leady Water falling
from the Mountains whose Tops touch
the Clouds ; an Idea of whose Height take
in the second Stanza of that beautiful Ode,
commonly

commonly attributed to the famous Archbishop of *Cambrai*, and now placed at the End of his *Telemachus*.

*Semblables aux Monts de Thrace,
Qu'un Geant audacieux,
Sur les autres Monts entasse,
Pour escalader les Cieux,
Vos Sommets sout des Campagnes,
Qui portent d'autres Montagnes;
Et se levant par Degrés,
De leurs Orgueilleuses Têtes
Vont affronter les Tempêtes
De tous les Vents Conjurés.*

I was told by the same merry Landlord, that a Bladder full of Air would burst when carried to the hoary Heads of these monstrous Alps, and that one full of their pure Air would have little or nothing in it when brought to the Bottom.

The 12th, climbed the almost impassable Mount *Cenis*, easier than I expected, the Ascent being quite dry; gave the Mule Room to chuse its Tract without Stumbling. At Night came to the City of *Susa*, in *Piedmont*, formerly the Key of *Italy*; but now its Walls can't bear two Hours regular Siege: However, the King of *Sardinia* has a very strong Fort near it on the *Savoy* Side.

I can't express the Joy I felt at seeing myself among the Desarts of *Savoy*, where we see Snow that never melts, Winter without end, Vallies where the Sun hardly ever peeps, and Flocks starving amongst the Rocks, cover'd with eternal Ice, well express'd in

*Montagnes, de qui l'Audace,
Va porter jusqu'aux Cieux
Un front d'éternelle glace,
Soutieu du séjour des Dieux.*

Ode at the End of *Telemachus*.

The 13th, pass'd *St. Michael's Church*, which, they say, was built by Angels; it is indeed the highest built Church I ever saw, but whether it was built by Angels or Men I shall not take upon me to say. Drank a Bottle of pure sweet Wine at *Revola*, where I had one of the finest Views the Eye can wish for terminated about seven Miles from the Place, by a noble Church built by the King of *Sardinia* according to the Model of *St. Peter's* in *Rome*, upon a Hill, about a Mile from *Turin* on the *Parma-zan* Side; and at Night enter'd that Capital of *Piedmont*, the most regular well-fortified City I've seen since I left *Calais*; twenty-six *Italian* Miles, three of which make a *French* League, two Leagues a

French Post. In *Italy* the Stages are not so well regulated as in *France*, some being ten, eight, six, or four Miles, according to the good or bad Condition of the Road; therefore in the Saturnian Ground I shall count by Miles.

Turin is certainly the most beautiful City I have yet seen, a *petit Paris* for Pleasure; a *Glasgow* for Building, and a *Worcester* for Situation, which is upon the famous River *Po*, navigable to *Venice*; its Streets are very regular and well-pav'd, the Fortifications wonderful strong; the the King's Palace is not despiseable, nor is his Son's the Duke of *Savoy's*; at the Governor's, to whose Hotel the Guards led me to shew my Passport, I met with a Knight of *Malta*, who spoke indifferent good *English*, and used me very kindly; the first *English* Words he surpriz'd me with, were, Whether I was a Catholick or a Protestant. I cou'd not see the Court in its Splendor, because it was in Mourning for the Death of the Prince of *Carignan*, descended of this Family, which they say is one of the antientest in *Europe*.

When the King appear'd, I felt a secret Joy, at seeing so great a General; he is low in Stature, but great in Soul; the Queen was very big with Child: At Mass, which was sung to Musick, they behaved
very

very devoutly, in a Royal Chapel, built of Marble in the Form of a Dome, where are a great many holy Reliques, and amongst the rest a Shift of the *Virgin*. Visiting the Archigymnasium of this University, I enter'd their Theological, Law, and Mathematical Schools ; I was pleas'd with the Professor of the Mathematicks, more than with any of the rest ; he was placed in a Pulpit, before which sat the Pupils, who had their Eyes fixed on him, and on a rough Draught of some Questions in *Euclid*, which he discours'd upon, as I thought, very prettily ; pointing always at every Angle, Line, &c. very distinctly, with a little Wand he had in his Hand : I staid till he had done, but retain'd little of what he said by Reason of his Pronounciation of the *Latin*. After this Lecture, I went into their public Library, where the best Book I saw was Sir *Isaac Newton's Principia*.

On the 16th, having rested two Days, I came over the *Turin Hills*, to *Aste*, or *Asti*, thirty Miles, where is a lofty Tower, exquisitely fine, built according to all the five Orders, at the Expence of the *Benedictin* Monks. They say it cost 2500 *l. sterling* ; a great Sum in this Country.

The 17th, pass'd through the City of *Alexandria de la Paglia*, which the King

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The 17th, pass'd through the City of *Alexandria de la Paglia*, which the King

of *Sardinia* is strongly fortifying, and lay at his new Acquisition, *Tortona*, twenty-five Miles, a strong City with a stronger Castle, on a Hill lying to the Southward. Here I lost in the Exchange of Money, receiving no more the *Piedmontese* but the *Milaneſe* Coin, this Country having belonged to the late Emperor as Duke of *Milan*.

The 18th, lay at *Brownò*, twenty-three Miles.

The 19th, arrived at the pleasant City of *Placentia*, twenty-two Miles, situate upon a most delightful Spot, not a great Distance from the *Po*, where ended the *Via Emilia*; here they say was the greatest Amphitheatre in all *Italy*; it belongs at present to the great Duke of *Tuscany*: It would be a strong Place if its Walls were well repair'd, whose present Strength is owing to one *Pier Luigi* of the *Farnesian* Family. The Inhabitants speak much in praise of the *French*, for their polite, civil Behaviour during the last War; and as for the *Piedmontese* they give them the worst of Characters.

The 20th, lay at *St. Donnino*, twenty-four Miles, in the *Parmesan*: Their Patron, they say, receiv'd the Crown of Martyrdom in the Year 305, near the Town, which has bore his Name ever since.

The

The 21st, brushed off for *Parma*, fifteen Miles, sweetly built upon the *Via Emilia*, almost equally divided by a River of the same Name, running from the *Apennine Hills* into the *Po*. It is a large, populous, well-built City, fortified in the most regular Manner, having five Bulwarks, *a la Moderne*, and used to be well stock'd with Arms, but now is poor enough. Its Air is esteemed very wholesome, and the whole Country about it and *Placentia* is a perfect Elysium, possess'd by the Duke of *Lorrain*, now great Duke of *Etruria*, and garrison'd by his *German Soldiers*: The People expected a Change of Government, looking for a Visit from the *Spaniards*; and a Priest, speaking of their unfortunate Duke, made use of the Words of *Christ*, *Modò me videtis, at modo me non videbitis*. The Ducal Palace is a noble Piece of Building, replenish'd with many beautiful Pictures done by the best Hands. In the *Capuchin's Church* is the renown'd *Alexander Farnese*, who relieved *Paris* from the greatest Distress when besieged by the King of *Navarre*, who was afterwards the great *Henry the IVth of France*.

The 22d, dined at *Rbegium*, a famous City upon the celebrated *Via Emilia*, one of the antient Colonies of the *Tuscan*, belonging

longing to the Duke of *Modena*. It is well fortify'd, has a great many beautiful Streets and large Fabricks, *St. Sproper's* Church is well stock'd with curious Pictures, and the Convent of the *Servites* is much frequented for their miraculous Image of the *Virgin*. At Night entered *Modena*, thirty Miles, a very antient City, famed for Power and Riches, and in all Ages eminent for Men of singular Valour, and other great Qualities: It stands between the two Rivers *Panoro*, and the *Sechia*, in a most fertile Plain, but a little marshy. It is the strongest Place I've seen in *Italy* as yet, having an almost impregnable Citadel on the Northward, reaching to the Duke's Palace, where he may shelter in case of a Bombardment from the Pope. *English* Merchandise is much valued here, and they give into the *English* Way of Dress insensibly; this Curiosity, I believe, is owing to the Duke's being in *England*. I had an ill Character of their Clergy, being told they copulate as often as married Men; but I suspend my Belief of this Assertion, because I myself saw nothing reprehensible in their Conduct. *Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.*

The 24th cross'd the River *Po*, and another call'd *il Reno* and came to *Bologna*, *Bononia*, or what the *French* call
Beau

Beau Rome, about two Hours after Dinner, twenty Miles, a very noted City and University, belonging to the Pope, and govern'd by Cardinal *Alberoni* as Legate, or Vice-Pope. Here are about thirty Colleges, but nothing comparable to those of *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. Their Civilians study *Justinian's Code*, and the Canon Law. I had the good Fortune to have the Company, while I staid in this Epitome of *Rome*, of a very civil Batchelor of the Law, who spoke very good *French* and *Latin*; his Dress, as a Graduate, had not the Shew our Civilians Gowns have. I asked him if he ever read *Puffendorf de Jure Gentium*, *Grotius*, *Quintillian*, or *Tully's Orations*, and *Tusculan Questions*; but he gave me no categorical Answer, whereby I conceived that *Lex Pontificia* was his sole Study. I asked him likewise what would save a Homicide flying to the Horns of the Altar? He told me, the proving he had not twenty-four Hours pre-pense Malice; and whether the Inquisition in *Italy* was not milder in their Proceedings than that in *Spain* and *Portugal*? He answer'd, Yes: But complained that when any one is brought into that strict and infamous Court, thro' Envy or Malice, they were not honourably and publickly acquitted as in *Spain* and *Portugal*,
but

but as long as they liv'd bore the Shame and Infamy of that scandalous Tribunal. I again asked him, whether the Pope could not forgive all kinds of Crimes; he said no: Yet he told me, that a Woman could have Pardon for murdering her Child provided she had Money.

What he asserted about the Privileges of their sacred Asylum, and the Guns, Pistols, Swords, and other Offensive Weapons, I had seen hanging in some Churches as Signs of Rogues being protected in them, convinced me of the Truth of every thing Dr. *Middleton* asserts about these wicked Sanctuaries, and their particular Boundaries, in Page 65 of his Letter from *Rome*.

This City is supposed to comprehend 50000 Souls, who live in fair regular Buildings, having Porches to walk in from the Rain and stormy Weather in almost all their Streets; the worst of them are not inferior to the *Piazzas* in *Covent-Garden*. Here is a Porticus running from this great City, which is twice as big as *Chester*, to the Top of Mount *Guardia*, 3000 geometrical Paces long, the most surprizing Piece of Devotion to the *Virgin* (whose Picture is ador'd, with the Adoration of *Hyperdulia*, because, as they say, it was painted by St. *Luke*) was ever heard of in this superstitious Country.

This

This Porticus yields to none for Majesty of Architecture and harmonious Proportion except to *St. Peter's* in *Rome*.

From the Top of this Hill I had a full View of this fat Town: My Eyes were charm'd with its fertile Soil, like to a delicious Garden, sprinkled with an infinite Number of Canals, wandering about in beautiful Meanders. Its Fields are constantly cover'd with the Gifts of *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, *Pomona*, &c. Its Meadows are full of Flocks, whose Shepherds are ever playing on Lutes and Pipes, and sweetly singing to the Apenine Echos.

The 26th, left with inexpressible Reluctance the Queen of Countries, the Seat of the *Lombardians*, and Paradise of the *Latian* Shore, which is by Nature what our *Vaux-hall* is by Art; to penetrate the *Apenines*, in my Way to *Florence*; and lay at *Florenzola*, twenty-four Miles.

The 27th, out of Curiosity, drank a Glass of Wine in two Convents on the Top of Mount *Senarii*, viz. at *la Trape*, the strictest Order of Men, in the *R. C. C.* and a rich Hermitage, whose Gates no Women dare enter; for these hermitical Fathers have put a *Scomunica per le Donne*, on all their Doors.

At Night I reached the City of *Florence*, where should be the Court and Residence

of their Duke and Sovereign Prince. At the Entrance stands a truly magnificent Triumphal-Arch, not quite finished, erected by this Metropolis, to eternize the Duke of *Lorrain's* Advancement to the Dutchy of *Etruria*: He rides, *Cæsar*-like, on the Top of it, and is elevated, as my Lord-Mayor would be, on the Top of *Temple-Bar*. On one Side is a Piece of *Italian* Flattery, couched under the Inscription of *Amplificatori bonarum Artium*: On the other Side is what the *Londoners* can't dislike; *Propogatori Commercii*.

These Inscriptions, I think, say more than what the *Romans* gave to their great *Constantine*, after he had conquer'd the Tyrant *Maxentius*; *Liberatori Urbis, Fundatori Quietis*; which are yet legible on that inimitable Arch erected by the Senate to perpetuate the Memory of so great an Exploit betwixt *Mons Cæli* and *Mons Palatinus* in the triumphant Way, amongst the noble Remains of old *Rome*. Here is a large Cathedral, a Heap of black and white Marble-Stone, with a sublime Tower of the same Matter; I am mistaken if it be not as big as *St. Paul's* in *London*, but no way so curiously built. Adjoining to it stands an old Temple of the God *Mars*, built like the *Rotunda* in *Rome*, but not so capacious, and without

a Porticus: It is now dedicated to *St. John the Baptist*, and is the Register of all the City, for none can be made Christians but at its rich Font, which is bedeck'd with precious Stones. Its Brass-Gates are the Wonder of the World of Brasiers.

Florence, like *Bologna*, is girded with a Wall, similar to the Ramparts of *York*, *Chester*, *Carlisle*, &c. flagg'd with great Stones, like the antient *Roman Ways*; divided with the River *Arno*, navigable to *Leghorn*, where our Consul resides. The Ducal Palace is on the Decay, as well as the Archbishop's, where I was conducted to shew my Patents. The famed Gallery of the Duke is almost spoiled of its best Beauties; and by what I could learn of the *Florentines*, they don't much like their unhappy Master, their City swarming with *Lorains*, *French*, *Germans*, &c. just as *London* has done, with *Dutch*, *Flemings*, *Hanoverians*, &c. since the (happy) Revolution. Here is one *Collins*, a *Scotchman*, who keeps very good Lodgings for all *British* and *Irish* Travellers. In *St. Laurence's Church* I saw the Monuments of the late Duke of *Tuscany*, and of the whole Family of *Medicis*, in a Royal Chapel, whose Architecture was the witty Conceit of the immortal *Michael-Angelo Bonarota*.

The 29th, pass'd several *Roman* Forts, *Stagium*, *Pogibonzi*, &c. and got in good time to the old City *Siena*, thirty Miles, pleasantly situated upon the Brow of a most charming Hill, about which is the finest *Campania* for the Chace I have yet pass'd through; Wild Boar and Venison are plenty here in their Season. This antient Republick possesses now a Cathedral Church built all of fine Marble with a Tower containing inexpressible Beauties; so that, without diminishing the Emphasis of this trite Verse;

*Anglia, Mons, Pons, Fons,
Ecclesia, Fæmina, Lana.*

*What can surpass our high-topt Mountain?
Our monstrous Bridge, and pure, sweet
Fountain?*

*Surely none, in Great Britain's Spite,
For Church, or Fleece, or Fair, will fight.*

I may add to this House of God in *Siena*:

*Ut Rosa, Flos, Florum
Sic est Domus ista Domorum.*

*The Rose is call'd the Flow'r of Flow'rs,
So do we name this House of ours.*

For

For of all the Gothick Piles I've ever beheld with Wonder, this of the Virgin *Mary* captivated me the most; nay, more than either *King's Chapel* in *Cambridge*, *St. George's* in *Windsor*, *Henry the VIIth's* in *Westminster*, the *Lady's high-tower'd one* in *Salisbury*, or that stupendious Composition of *St. Peter's* in *York*. Yet, with all the Augustness of this sanctified Place, Beauties and Sweets of the City, and all the forcible Perswasives of Capuchins, Dominicans, Jesuits, Fryars of all Orders, and tender-hearted Nuns; to a thorough Confidence and Submission to the Will of that sovereign Power, who so suddenly enlighten'd the great *Constantine*, and gave his Army a gigantic Force, they can't help murmuring with *German* Soldiers and *Lorain* Regiment, and signifying their Want of Trade and Want of Money: This reigning Discontentedness in a People, whose Lands, with good Cultivation, may flow with Milk and Honey, made me ardently sigh for the Happiness of that Man, whom *Horace* calls,

*Beatus, ille qui procul negotiis,
(Ut prisca Gens mortalium)
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni scœnore.*

Thrice

*Thrice happy be, who, void of Debts and
Care,*

*As all our just Ancestors ever were,
From his paternal Field can get Support,
And dreads the noble Levee, and Princely
Court.*

The 30th, pass'd many Remnants of Roman Forts, and lay at *Redicophany*, twenty long Miles, a Castle, as some say, built by *Frederick I.* King of the *Lombards*, on the Top of a prodigious high Hill.

The 1st of *May*, enter'd again the Pope's Dominions at *Acquapendente*, pass'd the Roman Forts, *Pontecentino*, *St. Lorenzo*, &c. and rested all Night at the *Bourg Bolsena*, twenty-five Miles near a Lake of the same Name, where is celebrated the Memory of a consecrated *Host's* dropping Blood. As ridiculous as this Story appears, it nevertheless gave Rise to the great Feast of *Corpus Christi*, instituted in the Catholick Church when *Urban IV.* was their absolute Head.

The 2d, took a Breakfast at the City and Bishoprick of *Montefiascone* in whose Cathedral Travellers admire the noble Dome magnificently raised by a Cardinal of the *Altieri* Family. They tell a Story here of a certain tipling *German* Bishop, who

who passing this Way, found their *Moscatel* Wine, so good, drank till he was blind, and buried under a Hog'shead of it.
Credat Judæus.

At Night came to *Viterbium*, twenty Miles, the Capital of *St. Peter's* Patrimony and the Residence of a Cardinal Governor. Connoisseurs say, that if the Patriarch of the West had a Son, he would be immediate Heir of this fine Country: Here I saw *St. Rosa's* Body, and got a little white Cord, which they say is good to gird Women with in Child-bed. I've hardly pass'd a Town or Village hitherto but what pretends to some Saint's Body, which claims the Visitation of Vagabond Pilgrims, who would be whip'd in every Market-Town in *England*, according to its present Protestant Method of Government. Near this City is the much frequented Chapel of the *Madona della Quercia*, which *Dr. Middleton* hints at in his Letter from *Rome*.

The 3d, lay at the Town of *Monterosi*, eighteen Miles.

The 4th, big with the Thoughts of seeing that City whose Extent was immense, whose People innumerable, whose Government not unjust, whose Streets regular, whose Aquaducts stupendious, whose Thermæ or Baths inimitable, whose
Agri-

Agriculture charming, whose Care for the Publick worthy our Imitation, whose Gardens a *Stow*, whose Forums were adorn'd with Fountains and Obelisks, whose Temples were Marble of majestick Architecture, whose imperial Palace was like a great City, ornamented with Columns, Pyramids, Obelisks, colossal Statues, and massive Moveables of Gold and Silver.

I staid till about three in the Afternoon, or nineteen Hours here, *per varios Casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, enter'd joyfully the Gate *del Popolo* of the Queen of Cities, the Epitome of the World, the Seat of his Holiness, and the *Chevalier's* Refuge. Some Account of which, under the present Pope *Benedict XIV.* shall begin my second Part.

The End of the first Part.





A
JOURNAL
FROM
ROME, &c.

PART II.

IF all the Virtuoso Popes could have been invested with as much Power and absolute Sway, in the Government of the World, as the *Roman Cæsars* were; if they had all begun their Reign at the Age of thirty or forty; and all that may yet come would but imitate some of their great Predecessors, as, a *Sixtus Quintus*, a *Paulus Quintus*, &c. I verily believe the Curious might have seen, or may in time see, old *Rome*, in spite of its gothic Enemies, nobly raised from its Ruins and amplified to Admiration, no Men being more covetous of eternizing their Names and Families than these holy Sires; witness his late Sanctity *Clement XII.* who

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in

in less than ten Years finish'd and commenced Works, some of which, in my weak Judgment, may stand in Competition with the *Augustine* Age. Painters, Carvers, Sculptors, Master-Builders, Poets, Musicians, Divines, Antiquarians, and all ye curious Men, here is yet the Source of all your Perfection. As this old Mistress of the World has been often learnedly described by many worthy and ingenious Writers, I shall wave repeating what has already been taken notice of, and confine my Idea of this most delightful City, from the Advancement of the late Pope, to this second Year of *Benedict* XIV.

The Pope lives now in the Quirinal Palace, on *Monte Cavallo*, so I am afraid that in time, the renown'd *Vatican*, like the antient *Lateran*, will be quite forsaken. Thus the Adepts in Paintings will be depriv'd of many inestimable Pieces, which at present insensibly decay, for Want of Fires, to temper the great Moistness of so huge a Building. His present Holiness being the 252d Pontiff, since Saint *Peter*, is, as to his Person, the most amiable, little, old Man I ever saw in my Life; he has Hair as white as the driven Snow; and a plump, cheerful, juvenile Countenance; is as brisk as a sound Man at thirty, and is never weary with smiling,

smiling, praying, and giving his Benediction: Though he is not yet compleatly taught his papal Ceremonies, he has disbanded 500 of his Guards, taken Pensions from the Rich, and prudently given them to the Poor, published Bulls and Edicts to suppress Vice and Immorality, both in Church and State; and seems fully bent to be a Reformer of all the *Roman Catholics* in the World: God knows what so great a Civilian may have in his Head, at so critical a Juncture, by sending so many Queries, to be categorically answer'd, to all Collegial and Monastical Bodies in the Christian World. As he is much given to Frugality, and quite the reverse of his Predecessor, yet he is resolved to finish the Works that noble *Florentine* had begun.

The *Chevalier* is the next great Personage in this noted Place; he is here honoured with the same Marks of Distinction as crown'd Heads: His Power is likewise very conspicuous, in his several Promotions, as we have seen by his making the Archbishop of *Lyons* a Cardinal. He has Guards to attend him where-ever he goes, and all the *English*, *Scotch*, and *Irish*, of whatsoever Sect or Denomination they be, are, upon entering the Papal Dominions, deem'd his immediate Subjects: Though they (scandalously) give him the Name

and Title of *Rex Magnæ Britanniae*, &c. he nevertheless bears none of our Arms, either on his Coaches, or over the Gates of his *Hotels*; but they are painted on Cardinal *Corfini's* Gate, as Protector of *England*; on Cardinal *Riviera's*, as Protector of *Scotland*; and on the Gates of the *English, Scotch, and Irish* Colleges.

So great is his Character, and so sacred is his Person esteem'd here, that he boldly touches for the King's-Evil; and some, they say, have been wonderfully relieved by his Imposition of Hands. He is judg'd to be the best Oeconomist in the City, for he pays off all Bills at the Week's End, and gives considerably to the Poor; so that 'tis thought the Pope's yearly Pension hardly supplies the great Charities he distributes to the Poor of all Nations wandering in *Rome*: He is supposed to know as much of our domestic Affairs as those who live within the Verge of the Court, for besides what private Informations he may have from his Adherents here, he expends 4 or 500 *l.* a Year for Pamphlets, Magazines, Party-Papers, &c. printed in *London*. Letters and Packets cost him nothing for Postage after they have got to *Calais*. Here are near his Person about sixty Protestant Fugitives, for whom he has a Nonjuring Parson, who is allowed to read

read the Common-Prayer, and preaches in the Center of *Roma Santa*, the Doctrine of the Church of *England*; when any of them die, they are buried in a noble *Mausoleum*, near the *Ostien Gate*, now called *Porta di San Paolo*. Such Privileges were never before heard of in this famous Place. His two Sons are very pretty Youths, and have been tutor'd in Politicks by a very able Man, whose Brother is well known in *Westminster*. The eldest is named *Charles-Edward*, and the youngest *Henry-Benedict-Maria-Clement*, as we may see in the Court-Kalender, printed every Year in *London*.

Nothing surprizes Strangers, sojourning in *Rome*, so much as the Cardinals and their grand Retinue; the poorest of them never appear abroad without three State-Coaches, not much inferior to our Lord-Chancellors. They must have as much Attendance for an Audience as any King or Emperour, yet none of them dare take the *Pas* of the *Chevalier de Saint George*, or his eldest Son, though they precede the youngest, as Princes of the Holy Roman Empire.

The Noblemen, who are generally stilled *Roman Princes*, are immensely rich, and have the Homage of Vassalage paid to them, sitting on a Throne in the Halls
of

of their Palaces: They have all the Marks of petty Sovereigns, except Body-Guards, which none can have but the Pope and the *Chevalier*.

Their princely Appearance, the Swarm of Laquies walking at the Sides of their Coaches with Swords, and their Hats in their Hands, like the Attendants of the Cardinals, the fawning Reverence paid to them with Cringes from the *Petit* People, their noble majestick Palaces, exquisitely finish'd with antient and modern Curiosities, are Baits sufficient to corrupt our *English* Patricians travelling in *Italy*, if they were not generously inspired with the noble Sentiments of Liberty to all Men from their very Infancy.

The Ladies are in a worse Condition here than in any other Country, there being no Queen, or Princess, to make their Court to. Yet they show away, every *Sunday* and Holy-Day, in the Street called *Il Corso*, by displaying their Charms from *St. Mark's* or the *Venetian* Palace to the *Porte del Popolo*, upon which is the *Fœlici Ingressui*, attributed to the Arrival of the Queen of *Sweden*, who became a Catholick in the Year ———.

The Women here, both poor and rich, affect a great deal of Modesty; and I must confess, that though I have rambled through

through the Streets of *Modern Rome* by Night as well as by Day, yet I saw no lewd Women, nor met with Bullies or Bawds to interrupt me in my Walk, which, *quis temperet a Lacrymis*, can't be said of *London*, or any of the great Cities in *England*; nay, I've even walk'd quietly in the two Streets where Whores are licensed to live, without ever so much as a Hint that there were such debauch'd Persons in them. So strict are their Laws, as to Whores, and so great is their Command and Government of themselves in this hot Country, that I cou'd not help being surpriz'd to find they were given to no other Vice except the unchaste Use of their Bodies, whereas our Common-Women are generally abandon'd to most other Vices.

In this eternal City, where a Man, if he has the least Conduct, may safely live either as Saint or Devil, tho' the formidable Tribunal of the Inquisition has its dreadful Abode near *St. Peter's*, which, in short, to me is as big again as *St. Paul's*, if we except the two Towers on the beautiful *Facade*, and the two Porches leading to the Isles, which the *Vatican Church* wants. I observ'd several Oddities, which I never saw in any great City before, namely, that most of their grave Dons
walk

walk in the Streets with Spectacles. The Ladies with their Men before them, and their Maids behind them. The Men going to Bed with their Wives immediately after Dinner, to get up before Supper. The Journey-men, Apprentices, Footmen, whom they here call *Schiavi*, Slaves, bowling in the Middle of the Streets in Noon-day. The poor, labouring, unthinking Animals, almost ever playing at Cards, solicitous about nothing, provided their infallible Lord, or Signior (for so the Pope is called in this proud City, and in all the Kingdoms, Principalities, and Republican States behind the *Alps*, which our *English* Catholics very justly deny; although the *British* and *Irish* Priests, who come from *St. Thomas's*, *St. Margaret's*, and *St. Isidore's* Colleges in *Rome* are bound to teach, that his Holiness is above general, œcumenical Councils, which, according to the Doctrine of the papal See, are only Mediums, registering what is to be hatched in the sacred Palace, by the Pope and his *Italian* Cardinals) gives them but the Blessing and Absolution in *Articulo mortis*, at the Point of Death; and grants them and their Children, in Life, the free Gifts of *Ceres*, at a tolerable Rate.

The

The Butchers being obliged to sell their Meat, good or bad, at a stated Price, by which the poorer Sort of the People, who can't afford above the common Rate, are forced to take into the Weight, of what they buy, a Piece of Liver, Lights, or of the eatable Tripes. The Cooks roasting and boiling the Meat to Rags; which is not only the Custom here, but in all the slavish Countries, I have pass'd thro' in my Way to this Lady of the World, who dare as soon be damn'd as utter this darling Sentence, *J'aime la Liberté*, in a *British* Sense. It is pity, the *Roman* Musti can't eat any of our *English* Beef and Mutton, as his Grace of *Canterbury*: If he cou'd, I fancy, he wou'd soon think of suppressing Lent, and other supernumerary fasting Days.

*For who can say it, with good Sense,
A nice Beef-Stake gives God Offence?
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?*

Time, Paper, Ink, and human Patience wou'd fail, should I rehearse all the whimsical Oddities particularly familiar to the present fantastical Inhabitants of this glorious City, which only contains now, in place of three Millions, *O Tempora!*

O *Mores!* a poor hundred and fixty Thousand Souls ; mostly confin'd to the *Campus Martius* of *Old Rome*, not one Fifth of its vast Extent. The whole City, Warriors and Mechanicks, Statesmen and Fiddlers, Courtiers and Clowns, Students and Chimney-Sweepers, were thunder-struck at the important News of *Carthage*'s being besieged by our great Hero Admiral *Vernon*. This was refreshing News to me, who had heard nothing but improsperous Stories of our Arms both by Sea and Land. I took Courage and utter'd my Mind boldly, amongst our natural Enemies, the *Irish* Renigadoes, swarming in *Rome*. Yea, I lifted up my drooping Head and breath'd a-new, when the *British* Empire made some Noise, and formidable Figure in the World, even to reach this Seat of Papal Peace, and fright his Eminence *Aquaviva*, the *Spanish* Minister, with *French* *Tencin*, the *Chevalier's* Minion, out of their Wits. Whereas before I was sunk in Sorrow, and like one among the Dead.

As often as the degenerate, superstitious, bigotted Citizens walk the Streets of this illustrious and renown'd Metropolis, they ever ought to bless the Memory of that great Man, their late absolute Lord or religious Master, for so generously paving their Streets for them, shamefully

fully neglected by many of his Predecessors. So must the curious inquisitive Traveller admire him, as often as he visits the Capitol, the *Vatican* Library, *Constantine's* Triumphal-Arch, the magnificent Fountain *di Trevi*, or enters the *Lateran* Church, the *Corfini* Chapel, *St. John's* in the Street *Julia*, and contemplates the many Royal Additions to the Palace of *Monte Cavallo*, with other grand Buildings raised according to the Direction of the famous Signior *Alexander Galilei*, first Architect to the Great Duke of *Tuscany*.

It would be tedious to go about to describe and particularize every remarkable Embellishment *Rome* has received since the coming of *Clement XII.* to the Papal Crown. Therefore I shall only take notice of what I thought most worthy of my Attention while I staid in this Capital of the World, which pleas'd me far before *Paris*, or any City I have seen or shall see in my Life. In the Senatorial Palace of the Capitol, we beheld in the great Hall, agreeably painted in Fresco, some States of the Popes in their *Cathedrals*, giving their Benediction; a Bust of the Queen of *Sweeden*, who, as the Inscription says, beheld the [mock] Senate with their Hats or Caps on. Then we

slip into the second Salon, painted as before, where we see the Bustos of several Emperors placed upon Pedestals, two Columns of beautiful green Marble, upon which stand the Head of *Septimius Severus*, and of some other but unknown Personages; several memorial Stones, and a God terming: Having got into the Antechamber we find the much-admired She-Wolf in Brass, a Youth of the same Metal pulling a Thorn out of his Foot, with many Bustos and Statues. In a Bye-chamber, we see a Number of antient Annals of the Consuls, besides Statues and Heads. In another Chamber of Audience we observe many different Brass Bustos on Pedestals. In another Chamber are placed the antient Measures of Wine, Oyl, and of all kind of Grain; and the famous Statue of *Hercules* in Brass, a fine Basso-Relievo on the Chimney, representing a Gate of the Temple of *Janus*, with the four Seasons of the Year; with Bustos, Statues, and a deal of other Curiosities too tedious to mention here at large.

On the *Ara Cæli* Side of the present *Campidaglio*, or Capitol, where the Temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus* stood, according to the Conjecture of Antiquarians, in a Court, just opposite to the *Tarpean Rock*, of another Palace, is a fine Fountain,

with

with the Statue of *Marforio*, noted for his Confabulation with helpless *Pasquin*, who stands on a Pedestal in the Street at the Corner of his Piazza, or *Forum*, among the Booksellers of *Rome*, who are much reduced since the Invention of the Rosary or Bead, and the Caution they are oblig'd to observe, in vending any Books but what are printed in *Rome*, or licensed by the Inquisition. This Care is absolutely according to the Scheme of Christianity here, for if the People of this and all other Cities in *Italy* had Books to read, and cou'd read and talk with the Frankness of *Englishmen*, I may boldly affirm they wou'd see their Error and recover their lost Liberty: But *levius fit Patientiâ, quicquid corrigere est nefas*.

A surprizing large Marble Sepulchre, an Oriental Alabaster Column, and some thing like the God *Priapus* figur'd by the Genitals of a Man; and the *Bona Dea* of the Antients, known by the *Merryland* of the Moderns, whose *Pudenda Muliebria* have been eraz'd for fear the Clergy, whose Number here may amount to 10,000, should pay her too much Respect, and exhibit a Worship whereby the City wou'd become more populous.

Next we ascend a majestick Stair-Case, set out with Statues and rare Basso-Relievos,

lievos, and entering a Gallery we meet with twelve square cornish'd Stones, wherein are incrusted one hundred and seven lesser ones, all relating to the *Columbarium* of *Livia Augusta*, with many Statues worth your Observation. In the middle stands a Statue of a very extraordinary Sculpture supposed to have been *Agrippina's*; and the Gate is guarded with two singular Statues of black Marble; on the right-hand are eighty seven Heads and Bustos, and twelve Statues: The Walls are curiously planted with Stones of antient sepulchral Inscriptions; in fine, the whole Chamber is replenish'd with a great Number of excellent Statues, Bustos, and Heads of Heros and Heroines; Demigods and Godeses, intermixt with true Patriots, Poets, Philosophers and even with Tyrants. In the left-hand Room we are diverted with twenty six Statues of different Attitudes, standing on noble Pedestals, incompassing a large Vase of white Marble of curious Workmanship. In the third Chamber we are presented with beautiful Basso-Relievos, and many Bustos of Poets, Philosophers and Orators: What I would give the most Money for, is the Chamber wherein I admir'd a Series of Imperial Personages according to the Chronology of the Times. In the fifth Chamber is a
great

great Quantity of Stones fixed in the Walls, all relating to Arts and Sciences, and the publick Offices of the antient *Romans*; with Statues, and Altar-Pieces having legible Inscriptions: And the last Chamber contains a vast Number of rare Stones, Inscriptions, Memorials of *Cæsars*, and other illustrious Persons. Thus far of the Capitol, whose present Glory is intirely owing to the Magnificence of the late Virtuoso Pope.

From his generous Liberality there was added a long Wing to the *Vatican Library*, which he filled with new Armories, stocked with curious Books and Manuscripts; and placed Seats and Tables in it for the Convenience of Students: The greatest Part of the Books were the Gift of the present Proto-Bibliothecarius, the Cardinal *Quirini*, who is esteem'd a very learned Man, and one from whom the World may expect great Things. The *Hebrew Bible*, for which the *Venetian Jews* offer'd its Weight in Gold, is a perfect Porter's Load.

Constantine's Arch being much decay'd, he, to his immortal Glory, order'd the Columns, Cornishes, Heads, and Statues, that were wanting to be restor'd, and the whole brought to its pristine Form and Symetry: This curious Morsel of *Roman Grandeur*,

Grandeur, wou'd have likely been taken away, as a great Part of *Titus's* Amphitheatre was, to build their modern Palaces and Villas, unless the Popes had prohibited such a thing by Bull.

On the Front of the Palace *de Conti* rises the most magnificent Fountain *di Trevi* not quite finish'd when Pope *Clement* died : However, his present Successor, tho' he be more given to the Study of the Civil-Law than to Building, is resolv'd to compleat this Work, which is ornamented with Columns and Pilasters of the Ionick, Composite, and Corinthian Orders, the monstrous Statues of *Oceanus*, Sea-Horses, *Tritons*, and Groupes of all Rinds of *Grotesque* Works, which makes it preferable to any Fountain I have seen in the famed Gardens of *Versailles*.

The *Lateran* Church has been considerably beautified and augmented within these twelve Years, by a new sumptuous Edifice, comprehending two noble Portico's, one above another, all of the Composite Order, so exquisitely fine, and proportion'd to the nice Rules of Architecture, that most of the Builders in *Italy* make long Pilgrimages to speculate this gorgeous Fabrick, deeming the harmonious Symetry of this Structure, an excellent Pattern whereby they may form and
model

model their future Plans and Schemes. On the Gospel-side of this Imperial Church, which is call'd the Head both of the City and of the World, *Caput Orbis & Urbis*, is the much admir'd *Corfini* Chapel, built in the Form of a *Grecian* Cross all of the Corinthian Order. I may say, without a Hyperbole, that it is the finest conceived Piece in *Rome*, for his late Holiness spar'd no Cost to make this his *Mausoleum* the most finish'd little Building in the present Age. And I doubt not, but if this great Man cou'd have lived ten Years longer, he had ruin'd the Apostolick See, to carry on the Plans Signior *Galilei* had put into his old Pate. To relate all the Pleasure I had during my Stay in *Rome* would exceed the Measure of my intended Work, for there can be nothing grand seen here in the Space of one Year, but what I had the good Fortune to see in ten Weeks Time, except the great Cavalcade that marches from the *Vatican* to the *Lateran*, when the new Pope takes Possession of his particular Bishoprick, which was over three Weeks before I enter'd the City: But what gave me no small Pleasure, was the Ceremony of ushering into *St. Peter's* Church a little, lean, half-dead, white Pad, on *St. Peter's* Eve, which the King of *Naples*, as Feuditaire to the Pope, annually

nually sends, richly harness'd, with about 6000 *l.* in a large Silver Cup on its Back. His present Holiness most graciously received the insignificant Animal from the Hands of the Prince *di Colonua* the *Neapolitan* Ambassador, whose Procession from the *Farnesian* Palace to this unaccountable Glory of *Modern Rome*, was the most splendid Appearance ever I saw, or likely ever will see, and seem'd as much pleased with the little Creature as a Father is supposed to be when he sees an Heir to his Estate.

From the Maxim of *Quando eris Romæ, Romano vivitur more*, I enter'd the Hospital of the *Holy-Trinity*, appointed for the Reception of all Persons that have Passports, or a *Nuncio's* Patent, where I was very well entertain'd for four Nights. The first Night they wash'd our Feet, with surprizing Devotion, and applied Plaisters to those that were sore : And the last Night, they gave to me and twelve others Tickets to dine in the Pope's Palace, where we were served at Table by some *Italian* Prelates ; after Dinner the Master of the Feast appear'd, with some of his Cardinals, and distributed to every one of his unknown Guests two *Agnus Dei's*, two Brass Medals, a Penny Loaf, and his Blessing, with which I thought fit to leave

leave the Banks of the *Tyber*, and push to the pleasant Banks of the *Thames*, after I had got Passports from Cardinal *Teucin* the *French* Ambassador, the *Venetian* Plenipotentiary, and Letters of Health from the Conservators of the *Roman* People.

Having visited all or most of the Churches in this famed Scene of the Christian Religion, especially *St. Peter's Fane*, which afforded me, as often as I view'd it, new Matter of Speculation and Surprize; being the grandest and most compleat Structure, I believe, in the World, if not preferable to *Solomon's Temple*. I impartially compar'd the Devotion and Worship of this good-natur'd civil People, with the Character I had read in Doctor *Middleton's* Letter, which I found to be partly true and partly false; for tho' he endeavours to shew an exact Conformity in point of Religious Ceremonies, which are nothing but the Mode and Figure of Religion, I perceiv'd that what appears to us Strangers a Subject of Mockery and Ridicule, had some mysterious Meaning in it, not rightly dived into by that learned Man; and that the true Object of their Worship was neither Saint nor graven Image, but the eternal Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, ador'd here in the

grandest Manner possible, far exceeding Jewish or Heathen Times. I cou'd easily mark the Points wherein the *Tully* of *Cambridge* has over-look'd himself, but as I intended from the Beginning to offend no Party, either religious or political, I shall drop entering into Particulars.

The 20th of *July*, O. S. took the *Via Flaminia*, cross'd the *Tyber* at *Ponte Molle*, or *Emilian Bridge*, pass'd several Remnants of *Roman Grandeur*, and came sweating to *Castel Nova*, eighteen Miles, where I eat and drank heartily, and after Supper went to bed and slept very sound, without regarding the Advice given to all Strangers to hurry Post-haste, thro' the *Campagna* of *Rome* in the Summer Season without sleeping, or so much as resting.

The 21st, saw two noble Stone-bridges at *Civita Castellana*; came thro' the Town called *Borgheto*, where they say was a *Roman Emperor's Palace*; pass'd another Stone-bridge on the *Tyber*, and lay at *Otricoli*, twenty Miles.

The 23d, rid on an *Italian Ass* to the City, University, and Bishoprick of *Spello*, whose old broken Structures show of what Consideration it was in the *Roman Times*. It is built on a steep Hill, and is something like *Stow* in *Gloucestershire*, but considerably greater; here are five Arches of

of a *Roman Aqueduct*, the highest to be seen in all *Italy*. After Dinner we hastened to the City of *Foligno*, through a most sweet Valley, environ'd with many pleasant Hills, full of Hermitages, thirty Miles. This Town stands at the End of the Plain, seven Miles from *Affisium*, a Country full of Vineyards, Olivets, and Gardens. In the Posthouse of this Bishoprick I met with a *Swiss*, a Merchant from *Leghorn*, who had lived in *Bristol* a Year and an half; he came from *Rinimi Fair*, and spoke *French*, *English*, *Italian*, and *Latin* more perfectly than any of the Clergy I had discoursed with in the Pope's Dominions.

The 24th, in the Morning, the Protestant *Swiss* went to *Modena*, and I came forward to *Seraval*, fifteen Miles; a Town fortified in the modern Taste, and situate in the fine rich County of *Marca*, by the *Adriatick*, or Gulf of *Venice*.

The 25th, visited the Body of the famous *St. Nicholas*, the Patron of *Toletin*, and climbed a plaguey high Hill, to come at the City of *Camerino*, twenty six Miles, where I saw a Brass Statue of the great *Sixtus Quintus*, with an Inscription insinuating, that his Mother was born there.

The

The 26th, pass'd thro' *Macerata*, where is a famous College for Lawyers, call'd *la Rota*, ascended to the City of *Recinati*, where I saw on the Front of the Town-House *Mezzo-Relievo*, in Brass, of the holy *Nazarine-Chamber*, with this Inscription:

Virgini Lauretanæ, quod Nazarenam suam Domum, in Recinatenſi Territorio, fixam voluerit, Senatus, Populusque, totius Beneficii memores, æneam hanc Moſtem, poſuerunt.

To the Virgin of Loretto, because ſhe vouchsafed, to have her Nazarine-Houſe, fix'd in the Territory of Recinati, the Senate, and People, being mindful of ſo great a Favour, have erected this Braſs Monument.

By this it may be ſaid, that ſhe herſelf order'd the Angels to carry this old Hut to this Country, and that God the Father took no particular Care of this ſuppoſed Place of *Chriſt's* Conception.

After Dinner we deſcended to the ſam'd *Santa Caſa* of *Loretto*, twenty four Miles, where I ſtaid fourteen Days ſick of the Flux, which I got by drinking the *Vini Coti*, or boiled Wines of the *Umbria*.

I doubt not but my Readers will be desirous to have my Opinion concerning this celebrated Pilgrimage of *Roman* Catholics from all Parts of the known World, which, they pretend, was miraculously carried from *Galilea* into *Syria*, *Macedonia*, *Albania* and *Dalmatia*, 1895 *Italian* Miles, and fix'd by the Angels at *Jersato*, in the Province of *Isiria*, in the Year 1291, when *Paleologus* govern'd in the East, *Ridolfus* the First in the West, and *Nicholas* the Fourth sat in the Papal Chair; and about three Years after in *Boniface* the Eighth's Time, whether by the same Angels, I cannot tell, was transported 145 Miles farther, over the *Adriatick* Sea, into the Province of *Marca*, within three Miles of *Recinati*.

Now what gives the whole Relation, at least to me, an Air of Fiction, is an Inscription I read in *Latin*, *English*, *French*, and *Italian*, upon large, square, marble Stones fixed in the Walls of this Church, containing in Substance, That one *Paul Renalducci*, of the City of *Recinati*, often made Affidavit, *Adducendo Dio, per il Testimonio*; as the *Italian* Words import, that he had heard his Grand-father say, that he should hear his Grand-father affirm, that he saw this holy House carried in the Night by the Hands of the Angels, over the

the Gulf of *Venice*, and placed in the Hollow of a Wood, and that he with some of his Friends went often to visit and venerate the same. The *English* Translation, which was done by one *Robert Corbirt*on, a Jesuit, in the Year 1635, begins with these Words, *The wondrous Fleting of the Kirk of Lauretto, &c.*

However incredible the History and Translation of this Room may appear to all rational Men; yet it is now so well founded and enrich'd by the profuse Donations of the Virgin's Biggots, that the yearly Revenue, which consists in Lands, Taxes, &c. may amount to 27000 *Scudis*, and its annual Expences to near 40000, 13000 being every Year collected in the Eleemosynary Way; the whole in *English* Money 10000 Pounds, distributed as follows:

	<i>Scudis.</i>
To the Bishop	800
To the Governor	1400
To the Chapter and Clergy	6810
To the Jesuit Penitentiaries, Franciscan Penitentiaries, and the Illirick College	5490
To the Chaplains of the holy House, &c.	1000
To the Clerks of both Sacristies	800
To the Musicians	1600
To	

To the Colonel of the Soldiers of <i>Loretto</i> _____	300
To the Ministers and Servants of the holy House _____	4000
To poor Priests, and for Bread and Wine distributed every Morning and Evening to Pilgrims _____	900
To the Hospital of the Sick and La- boratory of the holy House _____	1700
To 1400 Pound Weight of Wax- Candles consumed annually in the holy House, and the Church where it stands _____	3000
To Oil for Lamps _____	400
To Things consumed, as Brooms Brushes, &c. _____	229
To Coals and Wood distributed to the Poor _____	860
To <i>Pigioni di Case</i> , distributed to the Canons, Beneficiati, Musi- cians, and Ministers that have no Patent Places in this Sanctuary _____	2791
To the Tillage of the Ground and keeping the Buildings in good Repair _____	3640
To the Stables _____	280
And lastly, to extraordinary Ex- pences _____	150
Total _____	40000
<i>English</i> L. 10000	
L	Besides

Besides the Canons, the Beneficiati, &c. belonging to the holy Foundation, there are kept seventy eight Chaplains, to help to discharge one hundred and twenty three votive Masses, daily said in the Church, and holy Chapel; which in the Year amount to 54400 Sacrifices of *Christ's* holy Body, all founded in this one Church, which, with its Treasure, is, without Dispute, the richest in the Word.

The *English* Jesuit, Father *Atkinson*, who is the Penitentiarius for *Britain* and *Ireland*, after he had shewed me all the Riches and Curiosities of this glorious Asylum, told me a long Tale of a Tub, about a Priest I saw serving at the Altar, dedicated to the holy Sacrament, who had been, as he affirm'd to me, possess'd of a Devil, but by the mighty Operation of Exorcism, perform'd by the Fathers of his Order, was now brought to his former Senses, and lived like a Saint, never departing from the holy House, but continually contemplating the Mysteries of our Salvation. This, he said, was an undeniable Fact, because the Devil, thro' the Man, answer'd the Fathers in the *Illirick* Language, which he was sure the Priest himself knew nothing of. And when I seem'd to hint an Act of the *British* Parliament, tending to the Destruction of the
Catholick

Catholick Doctrine of Exorcisation ; he gave for Answer, that the whole Body of the Catholick Church was more to be relied on than the Majority of our Parliament.

Most of the Inhabitants are Sellers of Beads, Medals, and the fictitious History of the Lady's Settlement in this little Hill, which is within two Miles of the *Adriatick* Sea, surrounded with a most fertile Country, abounding in Vineyards, Olivets, Meadows, and pleasant Vallies. And I can't help thinking, that if the People of *Dalmatia* had taken Care to build a sumptuous Church about this little House, and enclosed it with such a beautiful Shell, which in my Opinion is *Opus veré egregium & mirabile, & quod, pari Molâ, minime potest Adæquari*, I believe it had ever remained among them.

The Miracles which the *Virgin* is said to operate here, and the Favours she has been pleased to bestow on her Devotees, who are continually creeping on their Knees round the holy Chapel, are innumerable ; for, according to them, the Blind have received their Sight, the Dumb their Speech, the Deaf their Hearing, the Lame the Strength of their Limbs, and barren Women have become pregnant ; for *Lewis* the XIVth of *France* had never

troubled the World, unless his Mother had made a Vow of a Silver *Dauphin* to the *Virgin of Loretto*; and his Father *Lewis* the XIIIth her Statue, and that of the Child *Jesus*, with Coronets set with precious Stones, esteemed worth 20000 l. with Dedications in *Latin*.

On the great one is;

Tu Caput, ante meum, cinxisti Virgo Corona,

Nunc Caput ecce teget Nostra Corona tuum.

On the little one :

Christus dedit mihi;

Christo reddo Coronam.

The following Miracle wrought, as the History of the *Santa Casa* asserts, in favour of a *French Lady*, I shall translate Word for Word from the *Italian Account* printed at *Macerata* in 1739.

Peter Argentorix a Noble Man of *Grenoble* in *France*, had a very beautiful Lady to his Wife, called *Antonia*, who, by the inveterate Malice of a wicked Woman, was possess'd of seven infernal Spirits; he did all he cou'd amongst his Relations, and in the Neighbouring Countries to deliver

liver her; but not being able to accomplish his Desire, he brought her into *Italy*, and presented her first in St. *Julio's* Church, without the Gates of *Milan*, to whom, they say, God had given great Power over such Evils: From that he took her to St. *Geminiano's* Church, at *Modena*, and thence to *Rome*, where for the Space of a Month, they went every Day, and lay prostrate at the Pillar of our Lord in St. *Peter's* Church; but not finding his Expectations answered, and ready to return into his own Country, having lost all Hopes of the Recovery of his sweet Spouse, he was persuaded by a Soldier of *Rhodes*, to carry her to the Holy House of *Loretta*, which he did, and had her led into the *Sanctum Sanctorum* by eight Men, when the Rector, a Man of religious Life, called D. *Stephano Franigena*, begun to conjure the Devils to depart out of her. These Spirits, struck at his words, began immediately to declare their Names; the first called himself *Sardo*, the second *Neroth*, the third *Horrible*, the fourth *Ventillor*, the fifth *Brigbet*, the sixth *Arto*, and the seventh *Serpent*. *Sardo* went out like a burning Torch, *Neroth* with frightful Skrieks, crying *Mary* has drove us out and not *Franigena*; (this was the first Days work.) The second Day they
came

came to *Horrible*, who with his haste, occasioned one of the Lamps of the holy Chapel to go out, uttering with an awful Voice, O *Mary*! thou knowest well I can't stand before thee, and that I ought not to resist thee; therefore, be thou the great Mother of God, and Queen of Heaven, but thou art too cruel with us. *Ventillor* with his Companions remaining filling the Air with dreadful Noise, said, Thou art a too powerful Virgin, for thou with Might and Strength obligest us to leave this Body. This Spirit was more obstinate in his flight than any of the other three, for by his great Resistance the Lady *Antonia* was much fatigued and tormented, so that she lay for some time on the Ground, as if she had been dead; but standing on her Feet again, and finding herself whole, she gave most humble Thanks to the most blessed Virgin, and with her Husband, full of Joy and Gladness, return'd to *France*.

There were present at this Exorcism, not only the Priests of *Loretto*, but many Noblemen from *Recinati*, amongst whom were *Francisco Angelita*, and *Antonio Bonfine*, who were sent by the Senate to observe and give an account of the whole Miracle. See the 11th Chapter of the Majestick Glories of the Sanctuary of *Loretto*, page

71. printed at *Macerata* 1739, in the Printing House of the *Inquisition*.

It is no wonder the superstitious ceremonious *Italian* is so easy in his Faith of Miracles, seeing the more devout and rational *Roman Catholick* gives into the same Credulity. In the Year 1733, I was present in the *English* Convent, at *Doway*, at the Operation of an Exorcism ; I remember I held a Wax Candle, and that the Room was quite dark, except the faint light of the Taper ; why they did not do it in the Church I can't tell ; there was none present but two Priests and myself. The Adult Person seem'd a poor silly Shepherd, and with the rest of his Brotherhood, went under the Name of one of the Devil's Familiars ; to be short, after the sprinkling him with holy Water, perfuming him with Incense, and signing him with the Sign of the Cross more than once, he went out as quiet as a Lamb, without any Signs of Convulsions or inward struggle with *Old Nick*. I doubt not but they chose me to be Witness to this silent Miracle, because I was the youngest in the House, and knew the least of the Matter.

Having recover'd my Strength of Body, and quite cured of my Flux, whether from the Regimen I observ'd while I staid within the Precincts of this pretended mi-

raculous

raculous Place, or from my entering and visiting, as an Inquisition Traveller, the holy House, wherein they say, the Angel *Gabriel* saluted the blessed Virgin, and denounced the Birth of the eternal Son of God, I shan't take upon me to say; however, I declare, that tho' I give no Credit to all that is said in superstitious Countries, about God's great Favours, particularly shew'd to them by signal Miracles, yet I would not have it said, that God is not as able and as willing now to perform his Wonders by his faithful Servants, whether *Catholicks* or *Protestants*, as he was in the time of *Moses*. One thing I must observe, that if the *Roman Catholicks* were more cautious in believing the fictitious Relations in the Lives of the Saints, put into their Hands when young, by their Parents and Ghostly Fathers, I doubt not but they wou'd make very consistent Christians, and be more versant in the Rules of Reason and divine Revelation, which, I am sure, if rightly interpreted, will fill a Man with all spiritual Consolation in this Life, and will answer for his Happiness hereafter, if he be filled with the Love or Image of God.

The 9th of *August*, left the glorious Seat of the Virgin *Mary* at *Loretto*, and came to the rich trading City of *Ancona*
fifteen

fifteen Miles, a most famous Sea Port, situate just opposite to *Dalmatia*, and well fortified against the Incursions of the *Infidels*, by his late Holiness *Clement XII.* whose Statue newly erected in the Market Place, is one of the finest I have seen since I left *Rome*; the Inscription says, he built Forts in the Sea to guard against the Enemies of Christianity. Here is a regular Castle and a fair Cathedral both on high Hills, from whence I had a delightful Horizon over the *Adriatick* Sea, and cou'd perceive Flashes of Light almost every Moment, without any Danger. They were so common both by Day and by Night, that the Inhabitants of the adjacent Cities mind them no more than we do the boreal Lights. The present *Pope* was Bishop of this City before he was promoted to the Archbishoprick of *Bologna*, and they design soon to raise his Statue near his Predecessors. Here I found Ships of all the *Levant* Countries, and was overjoy'd to see in the middle of the Haven, a large Bottom. But when I went on board with two Capuchins, who were curious to see so fine a Ship, but to my great disappointment, found the Crew to be all *Norway* Men, who were come to change Stock-fish into sweet *Italian* Wines. Here I staid three Days waiting for a Ship to

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Venice;

Venice; but thro' Impatience for a fair Wind, alter'd my Resolution, and on the twelfth pass'd the great Fair at *Sinigalia*, and a world of *Venetians*, *Grecians*, *Sclavonians*, *Dalmatians*, and some *English* from *Genoa*, *Leghorn* and *Venice*, and came much fatigued to the City of *Fano*, thirty three Miles, built in a Plain upon the Side of the Gulf of *Venice*, on the *Via Flaminia*, where are the most beautiful Women I have seen in the State of the Church. I wou'd have staid at *Sinigalia*, or the *Sena* of the Ancients, all Night, purely for the Company of the *English*, but I cou'd get no Lodgings.

The 13th, Breakfasted at *Pesaro*, a great Silk Manufactory, and the Seat of a Cardinal Legate; it was formerly a Sea Port, but now no Ships of any Burden can come into it, no more than to *Sinigalia* or *Fano*. Since the *Romans* first built this City, it may be 2000 Years; the Statue of *Urban* the VIII. is seen in the place, near a beautiful well contrived Marble Fountain. Its Fortifications are none of the best, tho' it has Bulwarks, Bastions, and a good Ditch or Foece round it, and if I may speak the Truth, I've seen no City or Place of Strength in the *Pope's* Dominions, capable of resisting a regular Siege two Days, which I believe is one Reason

Reason why the *Old Father* is often necessitated to comply with the exorbitant Desires of his over-grown Children.

At Night I came to *Rimini*, or *Ariminum* of the Ancients, twenty seven Miles, where ends the *Via Flaminia*. The many Curiosities to be found in this City, which was so often beautified by *Augustus Cæsar*, induced me to stay two Days, to view the many Reliques of the sumptuous Edifices antient Historians speak of in this Colony of the *Romans*, which did *Rome* great Services against the *Gauls*, who often revolted against that City. It is seated in a most fertile Plain, having a River of the same Name, upon which is a *Roman* Bridge nothing inferiour to the *Emelian* one on the *Tyber*, within a Mile of *Rome*; every Feld about it is full of the delicate Necessaries of Life, which the Inhabitants enjoy without Envy or Emulation.

As to its present State it is a very commodious City, but thin of People, as most of the Cities in the Ecclesiastick Dominions are, and I am sorry to see so fair a Town possess'd of so many fine Fabricks, *a la Moderne*, falling to decay for want of proper Care and Industry. If such a Man as Cardinal *Alberoni* cou'd be promoted to the Popedom at 40 Years of Age, and live

in his Senses till 80, I am sure all his Subjects wou'd have Reason to bless him, there being none in the Sacred Purple, that knows the Temper of this People, and Nature and Advantages of Commerce so well as he. Besides, I doubt not but he wou'd address a great many of his Clergy, as *Augustus* did the *Roman* Equites for their loose unmarried Life, by telling them that their Lives and Actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what Name to call them; not by that of Men, for they performed nothing Manly; not by that of Citizens, for the City might perish notwithstanding their Care; nor by that of *Romans*, for they design'd to extinguish the *Roman* Name: Finally, that their Course of Life was so pernicious to the Grandeur of the Nation, that he could not help branding them with the greatest Crimes; for they were guilty of Murder, in not suffering those to be born that shou'd proceed from them; of Impiety, in causing the Names and Honours of their Ancestors to cease; of Sacrilege in destroying their Kind; of depopulating their Country, by making it barren and waste; and demolishing the City, by depriving it of Inhabitants.

At the East Gate, thro' which I enter'd this sweet Place, is a noble triumphant Arch,

Arch, built to perpetuate *Julius Cæsar's* being eight times Consul.

The 15th, came over a fine new Stone Bridge about a Mile from the old City of *Ravenna*, where I lodg'd all Night, thirty seven Miles. Seeing this ancient Seat of Emperors, Kings, and Exarchis, now the Residence of a Legate or Vice *Pope*, an Archbishop, and several *Italian* Grandees, I could not help reflecting upon the Changes Time insensibly brings about in several parts of the known World ; for why may it not be true what *Strabo* says about the *Adriatick* Seas reaching the Walls, and often drowning the Streets of this large City, tho' now it hardly comes within three Miles of its Gates, so that the Fens are now good arable Ground, drain'd according to all the Laws of *Agriculture*. And I am apt to think, that whoever goes 20 Years hence to the City of *Chester*, and is there told, that the whole Space between *Flintshire* and *Cheshire* used to be overflow'd with the *Irish* Sea, or *St. George's* Channel, and that the River *Dee* had its Course on the *Cheshire* side, not by *Flint*, will have as much Reason to wonder at Nature and Nature's Laws, tho' the Alteration he will be sensible of, was the Effect of Art and Ingenuity, as I had on observing the beautiful Fields round this neat
clean

clean Town. In a Chapel of their Cathedral, I saw the Pictures in Mosaic Work of their first Archbishops, who, as they wou'd fain have the World believe, were every one elected by the appearance of the Holy Ghost in the shape of a Dove. The *Italian* Clergy are too apt to palm their Dreams upon the Laity, for undoubted Truths: This is visible from the Cloisters of their Convents, generally daubed over with the silly Histories, fictitious Exploits, and pretended Familiarities of their Founders and particular Saints with God, the Virgin *Mary*, and her Son the blessed *Jesus*, accompanied with all the Host of Heaven.

I remember to have twice seen in the University of *Doway*, in St. *Amy's* Church, the Patron of the Town, on *Pentecost* Day, a Throne erected in the Nave of the Church, perpendicularly under the Bell-hole, without a Canopy, upon which was kneeling a pretty young Miss, whom they called the Virgin *Mary*; as to her Innocence, Modesty, and Virgin Behaviour, the Name was applicable enough; but that she shou'd be represented reading a large *Latin* Breviary or Missal, I thought was making a Farce of sacred Things. However, just as the Chanters thunder'd out the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, they that
were

were watching above, the very Moment the Canons begun to come out of the Quire, let down a fine Dove, fix'd in the middle of artificial solar Rays, upon whose Points were put little Portions of Gun-Powder, which gradually took Fire. The Pigeon in the middle of the Sun fluttered over the Child's Head till the Hymn was done, and then it ascended by the same String it came down.

Now suppose that the Pictures of all the young Ladies that have had the Honour to represent the holy Virgin, since this anniversary Pageantry began, were painted with the Sun and Dove over their little Heads, and placed round this Church, wou'd not Strangers who never saw nor heard any thing of the Show, be apt to think they were sanctified from their Mother's Womb; therefore, may we not easily suspect some Cheat in the Election of these Arch Bishops.

I appeal to all the *Roman Catholic* Gentlemen who have ever studied in the *English* College near St. *Jacque's*, which I shall ever think well of as long as I breathe, tho' they may scorn the Thoughts of my having got the first Principles of Education within their Walls, because I can't help declaring the Truth) if whether the Heads and Superiors of so good a Foundation were
not

not aſham'd, as all judicious Men wou'd at ſuch roceedings, and mighty cautious how they let any of the Students out of the College on that Day.

The 16th, was Ferried over the *Po*, enter'd a barren ſandy fenny Country, belonging to the Duke of *Modena*, in whoſe deſart burning Sands are dug Wells for watering the lean grey Cattle the Duke has replenish'd this Country with, and lay at an Inn called *Magnavaca*, twenty two Miles, where is a little Fort at the Mouth of the Port *Camachio*.

The 17th, came to *Coro*, another poor Inn, 36 Miles, where I ſlept very little, being ſtung to Death with the Vermin and Punes, with which their Beds are continually ſwarming in Summer time; this made me repent my not going round by *Ferara*.

The 18th, paſſ'd the *Po*, three or four times, before I got to *Chioza*, eighteen Miles, a Town on an Iſland twenty five Miles from *Venice*, very much eſteem'd for the able Sailors it can ſend into the *Venetian* Navy in Time of War. I ſtaid about three Hours here, and then embark-ed for the Queen and Miſtreſs of the *Adriatick*, where I landed at *St. Mark's* Square, in the Morning of the 19th, and ſtaid one Month.

The

10 The 20th of *September*, left this Miracle of Nature and Art, which seems to swim on the Superficies of the Water. It is but 7 Miles in Circumference, yet contains 138 Islands, great and small, separated by 145 Canals, or Water-Streets, which, like the Veins of the Human Body, have their Course thro' this real Maze or Labyrinth, cover'd with an infinite Number of small Boats or Gondoles, which answer the End of Coaches, Chairs, Carts, and Sledges, so necessary in other mercantile Cities; 340 Stone-Bridges, and 110 Wooden ones, connect the whole like the Ligaments of the Body; of which, the *Rialto* is one of the finest Arches in the World.

The present Division of this singular City is into seven Cantons, wherein are seventy two Parish Churches, some of which, I am told, had only one hundred Parishioners, yet kept sixteen Clergymen to say Mass and perform the ordinary Duties of the same. By this we may easily guess at the Number of Priests maintained by this Virgin State, which boasts her ever having inviolably profess'd the Roman Catholick Religion since her first Foundation, and has even spared neither her Wealth nor Blood, to defend the dogmatical Points of that Church, from which she received her Christianity. What

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with the religious Vows of the Senate, of particular Nobles, and the pious Gifts and Donations of the mystical and contemplative Part of the Subjects, here are seventy three well-founded Monasteries of Men and Women, all built like Palaces: Besides four great Hospitals, where the Sick are served in a very tender, charitable, neat Manner, and want for nothing that is conducive to their Health, which they seldom or never recover perfectly, till they have the Air of the *Terra Firma*, though the Air of this pleasant City is pure and wholesome, and purged every seven Hours by the ebbing and flowing of the Sea.

Here are many Oratories, where they officiate in the same Manner as in the Churches, and People are seen going to them at all Hours, both by Land and Water, for little or no Expence, and with quick Dispatch; whereas a Stranger can hardly move forty Yards from his Inn, without paying Money to their imposing Watermen, who should carry him and all Persons whatever over many Canals scot-free. The *Venetians* are as apt to cheat Foreigners travelling in their Territories as the *Dutch* in *Amsterdam*, which is the only City in *Europe*, or in the World, that has any Resemblance to *Venice*, whose grand Canal, in its Course,
makes

makes the exact Figure of an S, and is said to be 1300 Paces long, from their noble and magnificent Custom-house to the Point *St. Clara*, and only forty in its greatest Breadth. The Palaces on the Sides of this great Canal are many and beautiful, but nothing comparable to the *Doge's*. The Churches are richly decorated and built in the modern Taste, but poor and mean, if equalled to *St. Mark's*, the Patron of the Republick, whose Piazza, for Grandeur, majestick, costly, regular Building, is doubtless, without Comparison, the finest in the Christian World: Some say *Stephen's Green*, in or near *Dublin*, which I have never seen, comes the nearest to it for Largeness and Uniformity of Structure. Amongst the truly exquisite Painting in the Ducal Palace, and the much admired *Mosaic Work* in *St. Mark's Church*, I saw two Representations of the proud *Venetian*, Pope *Alexander* the Third's putting his Foot on the Neck of the Emperor *Frederick*, reduced upon *Sebastian Ziani's* taking his Son *Otbo* or *Otone* Prisoner, to come and beg Pardon of this haughty Patriarch of the West, for whom that *Doge* took up Arms in the Year 1177. Whether that Emperor desired the Holy Father to do so, that he might see how humble he was in his Ad-

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versity,

verity, I can't tell; but it seems he said to the Pope, when his Foot was upon his Neck, *Super Aspidem & Basiliscum ambulabis, Thou shalt walk upon the Serpent and Basilisk*; as we see in the Porch entering into this fine Church.

To this famous Exploit and to this grateful Pope do the *Venetians* owe their Possession of the *Adriatick Sea*. *Accipe*, says the Catholick *Mufti*, giving his Ring to the *Doge*, *Ciane, & me auctore, ipsum Mare hoc tibi Pignore, obnoxium reddito, quod tu, tuique successores quotannis, statodie, servabilis, ut omnis Posteritas intelligat Maris possessionem, jure Belli, vestram esse, quandoque factam atque uti Uxorem Viro, ita illud vestro subjacere imperio.*

Receive, *Ziani*, from my Authority, this Sea made subject to thee, by the Reception of this Pledge (or Ring) which thou and thy Successors, on an appointed Day, shall for ever solemnize; that all future Generations may know this Sea belongs to thee by Right of Conquest, and is thine as much as a Wife is her Husband's.

The Ceremony of this memorable Gift, or what they call the Marriage of that Gulf to this High and Mighty State or Republick of *Aristarks*, is performed with great Pomp and Splendour, yearly, on *Ascension-Day*, in a princely Barge, which
may

may not improperly be call'd a noble, majestick floating Palace, it being infinitely finer, and incomparably larger than that sumptuous rich one belonging to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of *London*.

The Political Machine, or whole Government of this State, excluding spiritual Matters, which come under their Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, &c. is lodg'd in the Hands of

The Great Council,

The true Fountain of Authority, not the *Doge* alone, into whose Assembly may enter, at twenty five Years of Age, 1560 Nobles, which whoever sees, may truly say, he has seen something grander than the *Roman* Senate, or *British* Parliament.

The Doge,

Is the Head of this August Convocation, and has accordingly Preheminence, in Dignity, Place, Dress, and Title; has his Name on the national Coin, and answers all foreign Ambassadors, not in his own but in the Name of the Publick.

The Senate,

Is a venerable Body of 250 old Nobles, who have Power to make Peace or War, tax the People, value the publick Coin, dispose

pose of all military Posts by Sea and Land, ask Help from, or give it to their Allies; in a word, they digest and order all political Matters transacted in the Commonwealth.

The College,

Is composed of the seven Counsellors that sit in the Council of Ten of the Heads of the Criminal *Quarentia*, of the chief *Savi*, or Wisemen of the *Savi* of the *Terra Firma*, and of the *Savi* of the Orders. They bring all Matters of Importance and weighty Affairs to the Senate, read all publick Letters, hear Ambassadors, and decide Points relating to the common Interest of the State. The seven Counsellors and the Heads of the forty Criminal Judges, have Power to send civil Delegations to particular Princes, and are called the *Serenissima Signoria*.

The Great Counsellors,

Have Power to lay before the Grand Assembly of the Nobles several Things that are the Result of their Court. They alone assemble the great Council, sit in the College with the *Doge*, can act fully without him, but he can do nothing without them.

The

The Lesser Counsellors,

Are three of the seven great ones ; they sit eight Months in the College, and four in the Court of the Criminal *Quarentia*, and supply the Place of the *Doge*, who used to sit personally in these two Tribunals. They are changed every Year.

The Great Savi, or Wisemen,

Are seven grave Senators, who, like the Committees of our Parliament, examine Affairs of great Consideration and Moment, and lay them before the whole Senate.

The Wisemen of the Terra Firma,

Are five who should be present at the Consultations of the Superior *Savi*, at the Musters of the Soldiers, order the Payment of the military and other Pensions of the Republic, raise the Militia, and sit in the Senate, but without a deliberative Voice.

The Savi of the Orders,

Are five of the youngest Noblemen who exercise themselves for eighteen Months, like Novices, in all the Arts of Government, and logical Methods of proposing their Sentiments and Opinions in political Affairs. After this long Probation of their
noble

noble Capacities, they are deem'd worthy of being made Magistrates.

The Procurator of St. Mark,

Is generally a Person of great Merit and exemplary Life in the Republic, because his Post is for Life, and the most conspicuous, next to the *Doge's*, in the whole State. His Dignity is so great, that if he behaves accordingly, he is sure to succeed the most Serene *Doge*. He is something like our Lord Chancellor in his Power of promoting the Clergy.

The Council of Ten,

Is composed of the *Doge*, seven Counsellors, and ten Senators, all of different Families. It is called the Most High, because of its unlimited Authority over all Magistrates, the *Doge* himself not excepted. It takes Cognizance of all Trespasses relating to High-Treason, Sedition, Coining, or Falsifying the Money, keeps the Nobles and Plebeians in Fear and Awe, and, in short, is the Bulwark of their Laws, the Refuge of the People, the Band of Society, the Check of the Powerful, and the Support of all this antient Government.

The Diversions common to this City are not Cock-fighting, Prize-fighting, or the

the many Exercifes improperly fo called in the Bear-Gardens of *London*, but the more noble Performances of Chivalry and *Nauto Machia*, if I may fo nominate the maritime Races of the Gondoles, full of Ladies and Gentlemen, feen in full Speed on the great Canal, ftrugling who fhall get firft to the Palace of *Pefaro*. Publick Ridottos, and Masquerades, Comedies and Dramatick Farces, Operas and Concerts, Artificial and other Fires both on Land and Water; with many other Paftimes and Entertainments admired by Strangers of the moft refin'd Taſte.

Being retain'd by Mr. *Smith*, an *Engliſh* Merchant, a Man of no ſmall Reputation amongſt the trading Part of this City, who came in the Boat with me to *Meſtre*, I could reach no further than the ancient City and Biſhoprick of *Trivigio*, eighteen Miles. It was conquer'd by the *Venetians* in 1388, and has never once attempted to revolt. It is delightfully water'd by the River *Sile*, and its Campania is rendered prodigious pleaſant and fertile by a great number of gliding Brooks and purling Streams. On the Road from *Meſtre* to within a Mile of this old Town, I ſaw a great many ſweet Country Seats belonging to the *Venetian* Nobles, built in the beſt Taſte, and not ſo heavy as the Palaces

and Villas in and about *Rome*, because this Country is not so subject to Earthquakes as that round *Rome*. In this Place I was taken violently ill of the Rheumatism in my Limbs, which reduced me so much both in Body and Pocket, that I almost despair'd of ever seeing old *England* again. However, finding myself in so great Weakness of Body in a City whose Inhabitants know nothing of nursing the Sick except we go to their Hospitals, I immediately sent for *il Medico* the Physician, who advised me to alter my Intention of going to *Trent*, and to take the way to *Padua*, where, he said, if I did not like to go into the Hospital, I might find good Lodging and careful People in St. *Anthony's* Place. I follow'd his Counsel, and on the 23d, while I had any Strength, I set out for *Padua* in one of their Sedias, and arriv'd half dead, at the Spread-Eagle, just opposite to the *Domo*, or St. *Anthony's* Church, where I was laid up in this dangerous Distemper till the 15th of *November*, before I could walk. The 17th, went five Miles from *Padua* to the *Fauges*, a sort of Mossy Ground esteemed good for Persons in Rheumatick Pain, which in four Days time made me pretty strong and lithsome.

The

The 21st, returned to the learned City of *Padua*, embellish'd with stately Palaces, sumptuous Colleges, rich Convents, and lovely Gardens, situate in the midst of a spacious Plane, and water'd by the great River *Brent*, navigable to *Venice*, by which I was to come to this renown'd Place, if I had not made a Resolution of going thro' *Germany* by the way of *Trent*, *Ausburg*, &c. into *Flanders*. It is of a triangular Form, indifferently fortified with double Walls, deep Ditches, and strong Bulwarks. The Civilians Hall, built in 1420, is really the most proud lofty Pile of the kind I have seen in the course of my Travels; it is before the *Guild Hall* or *Temple Hall* in *London*, but inferior to *Westminster* one, or the Parliament House in *Edinburgh*, the Capital of *North Britain*. There are many *Roman* Curiosities and Antiquities in this fam'd Place, but little regarded since the Disciple of *St. Francis* got Possession of the City, and the Hearts of this People, who used to tell me I shou'd recover by the help of God and *il Santo*, of *St. Anthony*, under whose Picture, in the noble spacious Quire, beautified with eight large fine Organs, all of one and the same make and shape, I read that he liv'd 36 Years, and died in *June* 1231, and that the Church which

dedicated to *St. Mary Major* was converted to him, and his Body placed in it with great Pomp and Splendor.

In *St. Justina's* Church belonging to the rich Abbey of *Benedictins*, near the *Domo* of *St. Anthony*, I was astonish'd to find that what appear'd so mean in the Outside was most compleat Beauty and Contrivance within I had seen since I left the Scene of all valuable Curiosities, both Antient and Modern.

The 23d, came to the large City *Vicenza*, eighteen Miles. The *Venetians* would willingly fortify this Place if they cou'd remove an Hill that commands the whole Circumference of the Town ; notwithstanding this dismantled Condition, it has obtained more Immunities than any City belonging to the *Venetian* State. And I can't say but its polite Inhabitants deserve more Priviledges than those indolent Citizens of *Padua*, who think themselves so learned that all the World should come to them, and that they have no need to Travel into Foreign Nations, like the *Vicentine* Gentry, for more Knowledge and Instruction.

The Birth of the immortal *Palladio* has render'd this City particularly famous, and the many Structures he rais'd there, and in the Country round about, are worth an
English

English Architect's Pains to make a Journey from *England* on purpose to consider their singular Beauties.

The 25th, enter'd *Verona* justly stiled the Ancient, 30 Miles. Whoever sees this Epitome of *Venice*, *Rome* and *Naples*, and is not charmed with its delightful pleasant Situation, I could pronounce that Person incapable of discovering either the Beauties of Nature or Art, which this City receives, both from the serpentine Course of the River *Adige*, over which it has three fair Stone Bridges, and the enamel'd little Hills which shelter the whole from the boreal Blasts.

Whatever be the Conjectures of Antiquarians concerning the Remains of its *Roman* Amphitheatre, I am of Opinion that its Diameter is not much less than that of *Vespasian* in *Rome*, but never was so fine, nor near so high.

Near this same Amphitheatre, I run the Risque of being confin'd for Life, in the Prison of the holy Office or Inquisition, for taking out of a Confessional Seat a printed Paper in Latin, pasted on the Inside of every Confessor's Tribunal, just as the Orders of every Sentinels Box are within the Verge of his Majesty's Court. The whole Affair for which I made so bold a Step was no more than a few

few Cases of Conscience, whose Absolution the Lord Bishop had reserv'd to himself, his Vicar, and Penitentiary Canon, a Copy of which is here inserted.

CASUS, Quorum Absolutionem Illustrissimus, & Reverendiss: D. D. Joannes Bragadenus, Dei Sanctæ Apostolicæ Sedis Gratia Episcopus Veronen, Comes &c. S. S. D. N. D. Clementis Divina Providentia Papæ 12. Prælati Domestici, & assistens Sibi suo Vicario Generali, & Canonico Pænitentiario reservavit.

1. Superstitio cum Sacramentorum, Sacramentalium, Sacrarumque Reliquiarum Abusu: Seu etiam expressa aut Tacita Demonis Invocatione, Item Recursus ad Superstitionum hujusmodi Professores.

2. Homicidium Voluntarium, Membrorumque Mutilatio. Abortus ex Industria, & Infantum Suffocatio, ac violenta Manuum Injectio in Parentes.

3. Damnum datum Incendio Voluntario, Arborumve Injuriosa Succissione, Si excefferit Ducatos Decem, vel etiam in Viis Depredatio, & Agrorum Depopulatio.

4. Perjurium, falsumve in Judicio in Damnum Tertii.

5. Lapsus

5. Lapsus Carnis, & Omnes Actus externi Venerii Confessarii cum Penitente, ad quam absolvendam Interdicitur Omnis Jurisdictio Confessarii Complici, etiamsi aliunde obtinuerit facultatem generalem absolvendi a reservatis.

6. Incestus, quoad Mares puberes ex Consanguinitate in Primo, & Secundo, ex Affinitate in primo tantum Gradu ac etiam ex Cognatione Spirituali.

7. Raptus ; Item Virginis per Vim De-floratio.

8. Pollutio Voluntaria Ecclesiæ Sanguinis vel Seminis Effusione, & in ea Grave furtum Rei Sacræ.

9. Blasphemia in Deum, Beatam Virginem, & Sanctos ex Consuetudine.

10. Fæda cum Brutis Commixtio, & Omnes Concubitus contra Naturam Consummati, quoad Mares puberes.

11. Accessus ad Moniales Sine Licentia nostra, vel abusus Licentiæ, in hac re Delinquentes sunt etiam ipso facto Excommunicati.

NOTÆ

NOTÆ ET. REGULÆ OBSERVANDÆ.

*Participantes Jussu, Concilio, Auxilio
Comprehendantur in Casibus reservatis.
Quo vero ad primum Casum Confessarii,
qui habuerint Licentiam Absolvendi a re-
servatis non absolvant Abutentes Super-
stitiose Sacramentis, Sacramentalibus, Sa-
crisve Reliquiis, Nisi prius isthæc omnia
Confessario deferant, & Penes Ipsos pæni-
tentes nullatenus emanere permittatur.
Ubi expressa intercesserit Dæmonis Invo-
catio non absolvant; sed remittant ad Illustriss.
Episcopum. Eos vero, qui Sortilegia, Seu
venefica Verbo, aut facto docuerint, ut
puta, Cum aliis perpetrando, non absolvant,
nisi ea detestati fuerint coram iis, quos do-
cuerunt quoad Nonum relinquitur arbitrio
prudentis Confessarii dijudicandum, qui
sint Consuetudinarii blasphemi. Ab un-
decimo Casu nemo absolvere audeat, etiamsi
habuerit, Facultatem a Reservatis.*

*Dat Veronæ ex Palatio Nostro Epis-
copali, die 1 Maii 1734.*

Joannes Epif. Veronen.

Bernardus Ronchi Canc. Episc.

The 27th, pass'd thro the prodigious strong *Venetian* Fort lying on the South-side of the great Lake *Garda*, and reach'd before Sun-setting the most rich City of *Brescia* forty Miles. A very thriving Place, subject to the Lords of *Venice*, and, if I am not mistaken, is as noted in this Common-wealth for all kinds of Mechanical Work in Brass, Iron, or Steel, as *Birmingham* is in *Great Britain*. The Inhabitants of this trading Town appeared to me quick, witty, facetious, and very ingenious, having Plenty of all the Necessaries of human Life, which this precious Country offers to every industrious Soul in great Abundance. Cardinal *Quirini*, the first Library-keeper to the Pope, is the Bishop of this devout charitable People, whose Clergy are kept within Bounds, by the wise and prudent Measures of that learned Prelate.

The 28th, left the *Venetian* Dominions, enter'd that Part of the precious Country of *Lombardy* called the *Milanese*, possess'd now, but God knows how long, by the oppress'd Queen of *Hungary*, *Bobemia*, Arch-Duchess of *Austria*, Dutchess of *Milan* and *Mantua*, great Dutchess of *Lorraine* and *Bar*, and grand Dutchess of *Tuscany*, and lay at a large Village called *Cassano*, where I lost as much in the Exchange

change of *Venetian* Money for the *Milaneſe* Copper, as I did in the Exchange of the good papal Coin for the bad Silver of the *Venetians*.

The 29th, came lame to the great City of *Milan*, twenty Miles. What particularly surpriz'd me was the Sight of their Nobles driving, *Jebu* like, in their Coaches, thro' the Streets of this ancient imperial Seat, with two or three Footmen dress'd like the swift Messenger of the Gods, but without Wings, running in full Speed to clear the Way. I think I have ſeen ſome ſuch Cuſtom even practiſed by the Nobility of *North-Britain*, in the City of *Edinburgh*, whoſe high Streets and high Buildings can't be excelled by any City I have ſeen in *Saturn's* Ground.

This populous Place is the very Center of the Land Trade of the vaſt Kingdom of *Lombardy*, of ſeveral Parts of *Germany*, of the *Swiſs* and *Griſons*, of a great Part of *France* and of all *Savoy*, and the General Poſt-Office of *Europe*, for there is no Kingdom, State, or Principality, I believe, in the World but they correſpond with by regulated Mails. They have great Exemptions from the Military Diſcipline, and when any Corps comes from their ſtrong Citadel, where all the Soldiers Barrack, to the Governor's Palace, I obſerv'd,
upon

upon entering the City's Bounds they lower'd their Muskets, and carried them under their Arms till they came to the Hotel.

St. *Ambrose's* Church, now called *Dommo di San Carlo*, is in a fair way of being brought to its dernier Perfection, for several hundreds of Hands are daily employ'd to hasten the finishing of this monstrous *Gothick* Pile, which will have twice as many Statues of Saints about it, inside and outside, as any other Church in the Christian World. Behind the Quire stands the marvellous Statue of St. *Barthomew*, having a Book in his right Hand, and his Skin folded round, hanging over his left Shoulder; the whole Figure done with so much Beauty and exquisite Art, that I was struck with Admiration to find that *Milan* excelled *Rome*.

The Ambrosian Office is perform'd in this Cathedral with much Order and Decency, and is so different from the *Roman* one, that I verily believe R. C. Author of the *Catholic Christian*, if he were placed among the noble Canons of this Diocese, could hardly know where they began or how to sing a *Gloria Patri*; tho' he's said to know more of the Matter than all his sacred Brethern put together.

The 4th of *December*, with full Resolution to get to *Dunkirk* before *Christmas*, I hurried to *Como*, twenty five Miles; a City and Bishop's See belonging to the Dukedom of *Milan*, standing in a Hollow, by the Side of a great Lake of the same Name, upon which I embark'd and got to *Chiavenna* on the 7th, sixty Miles by Water, and five by Land

The 8th, came to the Protestant Inn on the top of Mount *Spleuga*, in the barren, rocky, mountainous Country of the *Grisons*, nine Stones, which answers to nine *French* Leagues, or twenty seven *Italian* Miles. Where, free from the Terrors of arbitrary religious Courts, and more than a Mile in perpendicular height above the reach of the inexorable Inquisition, I with longing emulous Eyes look'd back to the *Magna Parens*, the *Saturnia Tellus*, the *Magna Virum*, and seem'd to repent my refusing Offers of Settlement in its Capital, in a state of Life, which is sure there of Preferment according to Merit.

It was natural, amidst Frost and Snow, and in a more frightful Country than *Savoy* itself, to compare one to Heaven, and the other to the dismal Shades of *Pluto*; yet if the *Elysian* Fields have as much Confusion and Misery in them as I perceived in this delightful charming Country,

try, I freely own I wou'd rather be confin'd to the infernal Regions, subject to the dreadful King of the Ghosts, than live amongst the Bless'd.

For let us suppose that Part of *Great Britain* call'd *England*, once more divided into seven Kingdoms, and every King despotically absolute, having his Court and Creatures, Standing Army and list'd Militia, his Marches, Limits, Garrisons and Frontier Towns, his Laws, Coin, Duties, Taxes and Customs ; Power of protecting Deserters, Fugitives and Banditi from the neighbouring Princes ; his peculiar Laws of Commerce ; his natural and alien Subjects ; his Bishops, Priests and Deacons, &c. I ask, what kind of Country this *England* would be, now esteem'd the Paradise of the Free ? Would *London* be the chief City ? No, there would be seven enjoying the same Privileges. Would there be less fear of Robbery ? No, there would be still more, because Highway-Men could shelter in another Prince's Dominions : In short, Murders would be more frequent, Life and Happiness in danger every Moment of being invaded, Commerce lost, Desertion more common, and none could travel safely without the Passports of every Sovereign Prince in the Land, and losing the half of our Money
by

by losing the Coinage, and cheated of a great Part of the other half by ignorantly taking false for good current Sterling, as I myself have done more than once in my Trip thro' *Italy*.

If this then has always been the Idea I could ever form of this agreeable Seat of the Antient Muses, who would not rather chuse to sing the Sweets of Liberty even on the Summit of this horrid Mountain, with this *Lutheran* Family, than enjoy with restraint all the Pleasures of the *Hesperian* Shore, and fly its pure, temperate and healthful Air, its fertile Soil, which makes it the Garden of *Europe*, its Wines, Rice, Silks and Velvets, nay its stately Cities and nicest Rarities, than submit to the Laws of uncontrollable Princes, who will hear nothing of *Certi—fines, quos ultra, citraque, nequit consistere rectum*, that gentlemanly Saying of one of the *Ausonian* Courtiers.

The 9th, pass'd by many hideous Rocks, from whence fall precipitantly great Torrents like frothy Cascades, proudly jumpt over the great River of the *Rhine* with as much Ease as *Rhemus* did the Wall of the great City, and enter'd without Scrutiny or Questions the City of *Coer*, the Capital of this poor Country, nine Stones; where I thought it odd to see the *Luthe-*
ran

ran Band and Gown, and the *Roman Catholic* sacerdotal Dress, within the same Walls, viz. The Priests in the Castle where they have an Episcopal Cathedral, and the Ministers in the Town where they preach Consubstantiation, as hard to be believed as the Transubstantiation of the Castle. The best built House next to the Bishop's Palace was that of Colonel *Salis*, who told me he had a Son in the richest and most populous City in the World *London*.

The 11th, pass'd the *Rhine* into *Switzerland*, supp'd at *Walerstadt*, and embark'd about Midnight on the boisterous Lake *Waler Sey*, to a pretty Village whose Name is to the best of my Memory *Wirsin*, thirteen Hours, or *Swiss* Leagues, from *Coer*; whence, after drinking some *Rhenish* Wine, and eating some Bread and Cheese, I hasted to *Lacken*, eight Hours, where I embark'd on the pleasant Lake *Zurick*, pass'd under the wooden Bridge of *Rhapers Ville*, built on the Lake the length of a Mile. All along the sides of this Lake are many rising Banks, intermixt with Corn-fields, Vineyards, Groves and Gardens, excellently manag'd by the industrious *Swiss*. At Night enter'd the canton City of *Zurick*, sweetly built on the North end of this great Lake, thro' which

which streams the *Rhine*; it is a very rich Town, famous for its Linen Manufactory, and has the finest built Fortifications I ever saw in my Life, but not the strongest.

The 13th, bath'd seven times in the hot Spaw at *Baden*, four Hours from *Zurick*. This City is all *Catholick*, yet out of the City Walls is a very pretty *Lutheran* Church. The Spring boils up within twenty yards of the *Rhine*, and is good for Rheumatick Pains, scrophulous and itchy Blood.

The 14th, pass'd by the Imperial Garri- sons *Sequin*, on the *German* Side of the *Rhine*, and *Rbinsfelt* just on the *Rhine*, where they deny'd me entrance, tho' I had good Pass-ports; they must keep the Barrier Gate shut till they hear who is their lawful Sovereign, and got to the *Swiss* canton City of *Bale* twelve Hours, the next to *Bearn* in Magnitude and Number of Inhabitants. The great Church is *Gothick*, but pretty both Out-side and In-side. Without the Wall is a broad deep Ditch, that runs half round the City, wherein they keep several very large Deer. And the whole Country, for almost a Mile's distance about the City, is full of pleasant Vineyards, wherein are many pretty Boxes like Tempes, for Pleasure and Study in the Summer.

The

The 15th, was strictly examin'd at the Gates of *Hunningen*, a *French* Garrison, built on the *Rhine*, within two Miles of *Bâle*, enter'd *Alsace*, a prodigious flat Country, lying between the *Rhine* and *Lorain* Hills, and came to the strong, regular, well fortified Town of *Brisack*, twelve short Leagues, where I was led before Officers and Governors e'er I could eat or drink: This Garrison lies exactly opposite to old *Brisack*, standing on a Hill on the *German* side of the *Rhine*, which the distress'd Queen of *Hungary* has lately demolish'd of its Fortifications, being too expensive to her at this time.

The 16th, as soon as the Gates of this *French* Town of War were open'd, I made the best of my way to *Straßbourg*, twelve Leagues, which I enter'd at the Drummer's Appell, and was search'd, examin'd, and interrogated by Custom-House Officers, Military Officers, and the Deputy Governor of this rich and almost impregnable City, wherein live quietly, and according to Rule, *Catholicks*, *Protestants*, and *Jews*. The Cathedral is a perfect Beauty, and has one high spir'd Tower that is counted the most surprizing Piece of *Gothick* Work to be seen in Foreign Parts. The Cardinal *Roban* is the Arch-Bishop of *Straßbourg*, and is a Prince of the Empire, hav-

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ing from *Alsace*, a Province fuller of Jews than Christians, 250000 Livres a Year, which will go further in this King's Dominions, than 20000 Pounds in *England*.

The 17th, being told that the *English* had declar'd War against *France*, I pass'd the *Rhine* at *Fort de Keil*, a League from *Strasbourg*, designing to go quite down the River for *Holland*, enter'd the Land of the Protestant Prince of *Hesse Darmstadt*, and slept at the City of *Rastadt*, the Capital of the Catholic Prince of *Baden Baden*, six *German* Miles, which makes thirty *Italian* ones.

The 18th, pass'd *Carlo Strows* the Capital of the Protestant Prince *Bade* of *Durlag*, hurried thro' the black Forrest, and came within Sight of *Philipsbourg* seven *German* Miles.

The 19th, having alter'd my Resolution of going to *Holland*, came over the Duke of *Berwick's* Circumvolations, and deep Trenches, wherein he receiv'd the glorious Reward of a Military Life, by the Discharge of a Cannon, that knockt off the Head of that brave *Englishman*, who certainly died a more honourable Death than the great Prince *Eugene*, his Competitor in the Art of War. Pass'd again the broad smooth *Rhine* at *Spiers*, so called from the four high Towers of the great Church, and

and came to the strongly garrison'd Town of *Landau*, fix *German Miles*, where I found the same *French Ceremony* as at *Strasbourg*. The *Prince Palatine* of the *Rhine's Territories* reach to within a quarter of a Mile of this *French Cage* for Soldiers, some of which told me they came from *Paris*, and had never since they came to this *Dutch Country* been suffer'd out of the Gates.

The 20th, came to *Suybrock* or *Deux-ponts*, twelve Leagues, a pretty Town with a fine Palace belonging to the *Prince de Deux-ponts*, now a General in the *French Army* against the *Queen of Hungary*.

The 21st, came to *Sarbruck*, ten Leagues, belonging to the *Prince of Nassau*, where he is rebuilding and enlarging his Palace. He is Colonel of a *Bavarian Regiment*, and is now in *Bohemia*.

The 22d, lay at an *Irish Convent* of *Franciscans* at *Bulak*, seven Leagues, belonging to King *Stanislas*, as Duke of *Lorain* and *Bar*. These Fathers, as well as the People of this Principality, hate the *French* in their Hearts, and lament much the loss of their natural Prince, feeling the arbitrary Proceedings of *France* in the Orders *Stanislas* lately publish'd to raise 7000 Militia for the Service of his Son-in-Law. The Duke of *Tuscany* is cer-

tainly an unhappy Prince, being oblig'd to rule a People that hate him, and banish'd from his native Country and Subjects, who I am sure wou'd yet risque all they have in the World to be govern'd by so good a Man, and to get out of the Jaws of the all-devouring *France*, who insensibly will bring this People from happy Ease and Plenty to the State of starv'd Picardians, which the begging *Irish* Fryers do already experience to their great Sorrow, tho' they have been lately multiplied by more than a Dozen of their Brethren from the City of *Prague* now fallen a Prey to the greedy Elector of *Bavaria*.

The 23d, came to the great City of *Mets*, in *French Lorain*, belonging to the Monarchy of *France*, five long Leagues; a Place of great Strength, having two large Stone Bridges over the *Mosel*, a prodigious high Cathedral, whose Bishop has 4000 Pounds a Year. It is likewise the Seat of a *French* Parliament and University, where are many Students but more Soldiers, who by the Orders of the Mareschal de *Belle-Isle*, the Governor, are oblig'd to bring all Strangers before the commanding Officer.

The 24th, came to *Steny*, twelve Leagues, a pretty little Town belonging to *France* on the River *Meuse*.

The

The 25th, being *Christmas* Day, I was
 griev'd to think how much I was behind
 my Calculation made at *Milan* of getting
 out of Misery, and eating some roast Beef
 and Pudding in *London* near the *Temple* on
 this Day. However I enjoy'd myself at
 Night as well as I could, at a Town call'd
Messier, fortified upon the *Meuse*, where are
French Troops, tho' it be a neutral Town
 which formerly belong'd to the Duke of
Mantua, and govern'd by the Duke of
Bourbon their Lord Paramount, under the
 Name of the Prince *de Charle Ville*, a
 sweet uniform Town not a Stone cast from
 this Place. Here I was asham'd to hear
 the People talking of the Virgin's wonder-
 ful Protection of the City, where they
 shew'd me a Cannon Ball in one of the
 Posterns of the Church Gate, near which
 is the Image of our Lady in a very strange
 Attitude, which they say was occasioned
 by her striking the Bullet into the Place
 where they now show it; the literal Sense
 is hard for Flesh and Blood, &c. Not a
 Month since, they brought to this Church
 a still-born Child, and laid it on the Altar
 dedicated to the Mother of God, and
 when they thought the naked Body alter'd
 its Colour, they immediately baptiz'd it,
 declaring the Virgin's Miracle, and gave it
 Christian Burial. It is pity Dr. *Middleton*
 did

did not see this sudden Vivification of the little illustrious dead. The Truth of what I say may be easily known by sending a Letter to the Rector of the Parish Church of *Messier* upon the *Meuse*, adjoining to the Dutchy of *Luxembourg*, by directing *au reverend pere Recteur de Messier, à Messier sur le Meuse*.

The 26th, came to a Burgh called *Bampton* eight Leagues.

The 27th, could go no further than *la Capelle* six Leagues.

The 28th, enter'd *French Flanders*, and lay in Prison at *Landersey*, five Leagues, this ill Usage was occasioned by my accidentally leaving my Pocket-Book and Passports at an Inn about a Mile and an half from this Place.

The 29th, went back for my Enchiridion and Patents, re-enter'd the Garrison and confounded the *Irish* Commandant of *Buckley's* Regiment, who took me for a Deserter. About Dinner I posted thro' *Quenoy* without speaking to any Soul of *Ruth's Irish* Regiment in Garrison there, and came to *Valenciennes* six Leagues.

The 30th, enter'd with much Joy and Gladness the famous University of *Dorway*, where I found some of my old Acquaintance in that College, whose Character is irreproachable, whose Devotion
is

is conspicuous, whose Love is universal, whose Government is not unworthy the Imitation of *Eaton* or *Winchester*, and whose Name with me shall be always prefer'd to any of the *British* or *Irish* Colleges in *France*, *Flanders* or *Italy*, and in short, if I had as great Power as the Pope, I would convert the cunning selfish *Jesuits*, the sleepy *Carthusians*, the greasy *Capuchines*, the lownging lowly *Recolets*, the lazy *Hermits*, and all that are called regular, I had almost said irregular Clergy, into Plowmen to labour the neglected *Campania* of *Rome*, and supply their Place with such well-bred devout, learn'd and industriously active secular Clergy as those of the *English* College of *Doway*, who are an Honour to the whole *Roman Catholic* Church.

The 4th of *February* pass'd thro' the strong City *Lysle*, well known by every one who has read anything of *Queen Ann's Wars*, and lay at *Ipres*, fourteen short Leagues, where I lost in the *French* Coin considerably.

The 5th, re-enter'd *French Flanders*, pass'd the fortify'd Town of *Berg*, and a little Fort, both on a Canal leading to *Dunkirk*, and came to the antient Rendezvous of the *French* Fleet, ten Leagues, where on the 6th, after having visited the
two

